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## THE FIFTH RESOLUTION.

A FORTNIGHT has now nearly elapsed since Mr. Disraeli's "Resolutions," or "Benjamin's mess," as they had better be called, appeared. Mr. Disraeli's speech on Reform was wonderful, but his resolutions were still more so, and most wonderful of all his resolutions was the fifth, vaguely proposing some indefinite system of plurality of votes. In his speech he touched upon every subject under the sun, and yet said nothing. It was the old story—"Chrysologue est tout. . . . et n'est rien." In his resolutions, too, it was again the old story. Out of the thirteen half were commonplaces, and the other half sophisms. But it is the fifth to which we wish to call particular attention, both on its own account and on account of the favour which it has found in the eyes of the Tory press. The Tory writers have supported it with a zeal, which for once makes us think that they are sincere in their new-found political creed. They have most certainly atoned for the silence which Mr. Disraeli maintained about what has become the pet resolution of the baker's dozen. Here have they discovered the panacea for all the evils of democracy. Here have they found the political philosopher's stone. And their rejoicing is not unworthy of the occasion. The Liberals are to be confuted by their own arguments. Those sappers and miners of the British Constitution are to be hoisted with their own petard. Seething the kid in its mother's milk, and bringing down the eagle with a shaft winged with its own feather, are weak metaphors which faintly represent the position in which Mr. Disraeli, by his famous fifth proposition, appears to his friends to be about to place the Liberals. Mr. Disraeli was on the whole wiser than his followers. He kept a discreet silence on the famous proposition, as they, too, if they desired success, should have done. Mr. Disraeli seldom plays his cards well, but his followers have exposed their hands. His mistake is to *finesse* too deeply, but their mistake is never to be able to *finesse* at all. And more clumsy tactics could not possibly have been adopted than those of our Tory contemporaries. By calling attention to the wonderful merits of the fifth resolution, they have fully succeeded in opening the eyes of all moderate politicians to its great dangers. They have proved too much. A year ago the fine feelings of Mr. Disraeli and his followers, both in the House and out of it, were indescribably shocked because the Liberals were about to enter upon an untried system, which would, they said, revolutionize our ancient Constitution, and for ever destroy our glorious privilege of being governed by a class. But a transformation has taken place. The Minister, who was so shocked at the bare mention of change, has come forward with a perfect novelty. Nor has he for once plagiarized it from his usual French source, but from an extreme Liberal writer. "That brilliant advocate, Mr. Mill," cry the Tory papers, has sanctioned the method—for Mr. Mill, after having been denounced as "a political Free Lance," and a member of a "despicable set," is now suddenly eulogized as the ideal of political wisdom. But before we enter upon an examination of Mr. Mill's views on the subject of plurality of votes, let us just mention one thing. We Liberals, or those who have any pretensions to be called Liberals, differ from Tories principally in this,—that we think for ourselves, and absolutely refuse to be dragged at the chariot wheels of any one, either Mr. Bright or Mr. Mill, when we consider that they are taking a wrong course. They are, then, nothing more

to us than Mr. Disraeli himself. On the other hand, the Tories set authority above the right of private judgment. They have, indeed, always refused to listen to Mr. Mill when he was right, but they now willingly give ear to him when he is wrong. They, however, greatly mistake the true Liberal's frame of mind, if they for a moment imagine that we are going to do the same. The great privilege of Liberalism is for each to examine for himself, and to form his own judgment. The privilege, however, of the "stupid party" is to be always in each other's light, and to think that, like owls and bats, they can best see in the dark. It is in the spirit of Liberalism, then, that we shall proceed to criticise Mr. Mill's views on the plurality of votes. And in order to somewhat clear the way, let us notice that all the arguments which the Tory papers have, during the last fortnight, been adducing in favour of Mr. Mill's method, were really put forward as far back as 1859, in a pamphlet entitled "Who is the Reformer, John Stuart Mill, or John Bright?" and which was, in reality, a short review of Mr. Mill's "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform." Whether this be the armoury from whence our Tory contemporaries have taken their weapons, we cannot say, but the arms are identical. Here, too, Mr. Mill is praised for his "great intellect," and his "philosophical, clear, unimpassioned spirit." Certainly the flatteries of Tories are more to be feared than their arguments. Here, too, he is lauded as having "arrived at a conclusion (i.e. by a plurality of votes), which will be alike acceptable to Conservative and Liberal." The echo of these words, substituting sometimes Mr. Disraeli's name for Mr. Mill's, has certainly been heard pretty often during the last fortnight. The thought, however, does not possess that genuine novelty for which most people have given it the credit.

Let us, however, examine what Mr. Mill really does say on the subject of plurality of votes. And for this purpose we shall take the third edition (1865) of his "Representative Government." And we have our reason. Not long ago a charge was brought against Mr. Mill by a Liberal review, that since his return for Westminster he had altered his published opinions for the purpose of pandering to democracy. No charge against a public man has, perhaps, ever been so unfounded. The writer may have read Mr. Mill's writings, but he has certainly never studied them by comparing one edition with another. Had he done so, he would have seen how in each successive edition Mr. Mill's mind had gradually unfolded itself, how his views had broadened, and his convictions become strengthened. And he would have seen this sometimes by the omission of paragraphs, sometimes by the insertion of new ones, sometimes even by the mere change of a word, the introduction of some qualifying adverb, or the substitution of a strong in place of a weak epithet. No man's writings show so much the growth of a mind as those of Mr. Mill. Hence, in his latest editions will always be found his most matured opinions. Whatever is omitted in the last edition is omitted because, as we suppose, on due consideration, Mr. Mill has found it untenable. It is therefore beside the question to refer us to Mr. Mill's pamphlets on Parliamentary Reform. In the last edition, then, of his "Representative Government" we are justified in looking for his opinions on the subject, up to the date of publication. And some of these opinions, we have reason to think from his silence upon them in Parliament, have



undergone some modification. But we will take them as they stand. His object, however, in establishing plurality of voting is to constitute a counter-weight to universal suffrage. Now, as Mr. Disraeli does not propose universal suffrage, or even, we suppose, contemplate its existence, he is, in the first place, left without Mr. Mill's reason. Again, Mr. Disraeli's method of plurality of voting is based, if we are to believe the reports of his friends, on a property qualification; but Mr. Mill's, on the other hand, upon education. To make this last assertion quite plain and beyond the reach of any cavil, we will quote Mr. Mill's own words. In this way only can we with real success meet our opponents. A mere general assertion in an argument of this sort rightly goes for nothing. Thus Mr. Mill writes:—

"I hasten to say, that I consider it entirely inadmissible, unless as a temporary makeshift, that the superiority of influence should be conferred in consideration of property. I do not deny that property is a kind of test; education in most countries, though anything but proportional to riches, is on the average better in the richer half of society than in the poorer. But the criterion is so imperfect; accident has so much more to do than merit with enabling men to rise in the world; and it is so impossible for any one, by acquiring any amount of instruction, to make sure of the corresponding rise in station, that this foundation of electoral privilege is always, and will continue to be, supremely odious. To connect plurality of votes with any pecuniary qualification would be not only objectionable in itself, but a sure mode of discrediting the principle, and making its permanent maintenance impracticable." ("Representative Government," third edition, pp. 175, 176.)

Words condemning plurality of votes upon any basis of property qualification cannot possibly be stronger. And to say that Mr. Mill is in any way a supporter of Mr. Disraeli's new scheme is to say what is not so much misleading as what, if the terms of a property qualification be correct, is absolutely false. It is quite true that Mr. Mill proposes that no one should have a vote who does not pay taxes; but, then, Mr. Mill contemplates direct taxation in the form of a capitation or some other method, a system which certainly, hitherto, has not found favour in the eyes of Mr. Disraeli and his party. Further, there is another point to be noticed. What Mr. Mill means by plurality of votes he is careful to explain; but what particular form Mr. Disraeli advocates no one, not even the members of his own party, can say. Whether he means a double vote by double qualifications for county and borough, or a quadruple vote based on the possession of so many acres or so many thousand pounds in the funds, can only be conjectured. Until we know this very important point, it is, to say the very least, rather premature to assume that Mr. Mill in any way sanctions Mr. Disraeli's method. But if we know nothing about Mr. Disraeli's method, we know everything about Mr. Mill's. His plurality of voting is based, and based alone, on education. As he says, "the only thing which can justify the reckoning one person's opinion as equivalent to more than one is individual mental superiority." He then proceeds to show what tests there are for ascertaining the existence of that qualification in different persons. Finally, he enters upon a rather elaborate scheme for adjudicating a sliding scale of votes to each person in proportion to his education. Mr. Disraeli's scheme, however, of plurality of votes is based, as far as is known by the reports of his own friends, upon a property qualification, though the particular form is unknown. It may, therefore, we think, be fairly left to the mercies of Mr. Mill and his followers in the House. What Mr. Mill thinks of any scheme which is based on any pecuniary qualification we have already seen by the extract which we have given. But what are we to say of Mr. Mill's own scheme of plurality of voting on the basis of education? We hesitate not to condemn it as strongly as any based upon a pecuniary qualification. In it the same principle is still more dangerously latent. Education is in itself a panoply of proof, and it is therefore unnecessary to build strongholds for its wearers. The natural inequalities are themselves sufficient, without putting the weaker to an artificial disadvantage. For whenever we attempt to balance classes by an operose method, arming the strong and disarming the weak will be the result. But this balance of power between classes is always the favourite dream of the practical, but more especially of the speculative politician. We all go through this stage of political thought. Some, indeed, never get over it. Not until we rise to a higher faith, to a full reliance on the untried resources of nature, do we perceive not only how vain, but how mischievous are our attempts to meddle with laws which will really balance themselves. The balance of power in Europe, except in the opinion of Tory statesmen, cannot be adjusted to suit the supposed

interests of the hour or the convenience of a party, and it would be well if we could learn the same lesson with regard to the balance of political classes. All schemes of this sort, not even excepting those so subtly contrived as Mr. Mill's, must end in tyranny, simply because they are artificial. For what does Mr. Mill mean by education? Education, even in his wide sense of the term, as used by him in his inaugural address the other day at St. Andrews, only means the instruments by the use of which we are enabled to judge for ourselves. But, after all, a man may possess all the instruments, and yet be capable of misusing them; whilst another, not so well furnished, may in the most important matter be his superior. And no examiner, however skilful, and no examination-papers, however searching, can test this. But the broad scope of Mr. Mill's own writings is the best refutation of this particular scheme. In them he has set up, above everything else, the sacredness of the individuality of man; but in this instance he would go far to destroy its value. If our English political history teaches us any one lesson more certain than another, it is this—that political power first rested upon the basis of real property, then upon that of personal property, and is now passing to the person. And any schemes of plural voting, whether based upon money or education, we regard as retrograde, unphilosophical, and oppressive.

### THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

THE Solicitor-General for Ireland assures us that he does not know what the Irish land question means. After such a declaration, it is not for us to gauge the height or the depth of the honourable and learned gentleman's knowledge or ignorance. But it is plain that his official superiors are convinced that there is such a question and that it is one of the utmost gravity and importance. Under the pressure of official responsibility Lord Naas has abandoned the position which he took up last year, and has consented to recognise something besides the right of the landlord to do what he likes with his own. When there was no more important object to be served than the defeat of Mr. Chichester Fortescue's Tenure and Improvement of Land Bill his lordship was ready with a resolution that compensation should be given to the tenants in respect only of improvements made with the consent of the landlord. At that time he acted and spoke on the principle maintained by Mr. Lowe and Lord Dufferin, that a landlord has exactly the same kind and degree of property of land as any one has in moveable goods; that the power of letting and resuming possession of both kinds of property should be equally free and ample; and that no relation except one of contract should be recognised between the proprietor and the tenant. Or, to state the same view in another way, he utterly ignored the existence of any public right of interference in respect to the occupation or cultivation of land, and maintained that whatever social evils may follow from the mode in which a landlord deals with his property, that is no matter of national concern. He was then all for "letting things find their own level," as Mr. Lowe in the course of the debate argued, without any reference to such trifling matters as the permanent disaffection of the people, or the progressive depopulation of the country. He has now become convinced that there is after all something more important than the sacredness of proprietary right; and that private property in land must, like other things, be held subordinate to the highest interest of the State. Whatever may be the value of the Bill introduced by Lord Naas in other respects, it is of incontestable importance in this point of view. By admitting the right of the tenant to receive payment for improvements made without the consent of the landlord, it concedes the whole principle for which those who have advocated a change in the Irish land laws have hitherto contended; and although, no doubt, the extent and the mode in which that principle should be applied admits of infinite controversy, it is a great matter to have it established that real or fancied private rights are not to form an insuperable hindrance to public prosperity. Nothing can be further from our thoughts than to taunt Lord Naas with the inconsistency between the resolution of the last, and the Bill of the present year. But we cannot help regarding the fact as a proof, and a very gratifying proof, of the progress of conviction amongst those who are responsible for the government of Ireland. It shows that every one who is charged with the responsibilities of office is now driven to confess that if the people of that country are to be reconciled to the laws under which they live, and are to be rendered loyal to the Crown, they must have reasonable security for the fruits of their industry, and some protection against being driven forth



penniless from their holdings at the caprice of a landlord on whose property they have expended their labour and capital.

So far as the Bill goes, we are not disposed to find any material fault with it. We are ready to admit that it can do no harm, and that it may even do some good. But it would be idle to indulge the hope that it can be accepted as a permanent settlement of the question, or that it can have any large, much less a general, operation. A very short statement of its provisions will be sufficient to show how limited is its scope, and how seriously its action is fettered by conditions utterly unsuitable to an agricultural population such as we have in Ireland. In the first place, it authorizes the Treasury to advance money to tenants in Ireland for the improvement of their farms, and to this provision no sound objection can be taken, on the ground that the tenants may only hold at will. That is wholly immaterial, since the loan, if once made, will become a charge upon the land itself. But then, in order to obtain this advance, the tenant will have to apply to the Commissioners of the Board of Works in a certain prescribed form, stating the particulars of the improvements he wishes to effect. The Commissioners will then give notice to the landlord that the application has been made, and will afterwards proceed to institute an inquiry as to the propriety of the proposed improvement. If this improvement relates to the main or thorough drainage of the land, the reclamation of waste lands, the clearing of the soil from rocks or stones, and the removal of old fences, the Commissioners, on being satisfied that it is good, and that it will, immediately or prospectively, increase the value of the farm, may forthwith make the advance, and may charge it on the land with or without the landlord's consent. If, on the other hand, the improvement relates to the erection of farmhouses or dwellings, the making of fences, or the construction of farm roads, the advance cannot be claimed on the land without the consent of the owner. When the advance is granted, the Commissioners will make out a certificate of charge, and the loan will be repayable in thirty-five years by half-yearly instalments. So far as improvements effected by State loans go, it may be admitted that it would not be easy to devise provisions of a simpler character consistently with a due regard to the security of the Treasury. It is in applying the same principle to improvements made by a tenant with his own labour or money, that the Bill is utterly inadequate to the exigencies of the case. The tenant will, in that case, have to go through exactly the same form, in order to secure the value of his improvements, as if he had borrowed money from the State. That is to say, he will have to go to the Commissioners with a clear statement of what he intends to do; he will have to convince them that it is a good investment of money or labour; he will have to get from them a certificate of its value, and then, and not until then, he will receive from them a certificate which will entitle him, on eviction or voluntary departure, to go and receive back from the Commissioners the money charged upon the land in a lump-sum, minus only the instalments he should have paid had he borrowed from them the sum at which his improvement was valued. Of course, the sum thus paid by the Commissioners to the outgoing tenant will remain a charge upon the land, and will be recovered by them in the usual way.

There is no doubt, as we have already said, that this Bill is valuable for its concession of the principle that tenants are entitled to be compensated for certain improvements made without the consent of the landlord; nor are we disposed to cavil very much at the distinction drawn in this respect between improvements made *in* and those made upon the land. It will also afford a useful assistance to large farmers who are accustomed to deal with considerable sums, who contemplate extensive and definite improvements, and who are therefore in a position to make out the specifications and the forms necessarily required by the Commissioners of Works before they advance the public money. But then this is just the very class of persons whom it may be advantageous, but whom it is certainly not necessary, to assist. The man whom we want to protect—whom it is our object to convince that it is better to stay in Ireland than to emigrate to America—is the holder of some ten or fifteen acres. He is a simple-minded, not over well-informed peasant. He is unaccustomed to business forms and to pecuniary transactions, except on the most limited scale. He improves his farm, if he improves it at all, by daily industry and care—by making a little improvement here and a little improvement there—as he has a few days or a few pounds to spare. He could not, if he would, sit down and draw out such a regular scheme of improvement as would be requisite in order to obtain a certificate; and if in an ambitious moment he did put down a plan on paper, he

would probably break down in the attempt to carry it out. This Bill, therefore, leaves as it finds the great mass of the tenant farmers of Ireland, and does nothing whatever for them. The Bill of the late Government dealt with the matter much more simply and much more effectually. It provided that, in the absence of any written contract to the contrary, the tenant should be entitled, on dispossession by the landlord, to a lump-sum, by way of compensation, equal to the increased value such improvements should have given the land. No injustice could be done to the landlord by such a Bill as this. He would, if it were passed, have to pay the tenant for nothing except that for which he had given him an equivalent; because the compensation would be determined, not by the outlay of the tenant, but by the value added to the farm. On the other hand, if the tenant conducted his outlay with prudence—if he made no improvement except such as really did add to the value of the farm—he would have a perfect security for his expenditure if he were turned out of his holding. It is plain that such a plan as this is infinitely preferable to the complicated measure of Lord Naas; for while the former is adapted to the country, and would work itself, the latter presupposes a race of capitalists and business-like farmers who do not exist, and requires that sort of motive power to set its wheels going which the complete failure of Mr. Cardwell's Act of 1860 has conclusively proved not to exist in Ireland. But that is not all. We may like it or not—it may or may not be consistent with English ideas—but the Irish tenant farmer will never be content unless he gets something more than security for the value of his improvements. He wants also security against eviction—in short, fixity of tenure of some kind. Now, it is true that the Bill of Mr. Fortescue did not directly meet this demand; but it did indirectly in two ways. In the first place, it tended to promote written contracts between landlords and tenants; and, in the second place, by compelling the landlord himself to pay the compensation due to an improving tenant, it interposed a substantial impediment in the way of a sudden eviction. Lord Naas, however, by making the Commissioners find the compensation in the first instance (subject to a charge upon the land), relieves the landlord from any difficulty which might arise from this cause, and leaves him at perfect liberty to deal with an improving as freely as with a non-improving tenant. This Bill, therefore, will do nothing whatever to satisfy the desire and the longing which is at the bottom of the popular agitation on the subject; and for that reason, if for no other, we must pronounce it wholly inadequate to the emergency. But, for the reasons we have given, we are convinced that it will not even accomplish that which falls within its aim and scope; and that, if it becomes law, it will only add another to the many proofs already existing that if we wish to legislate effectually and beneficially for Ireland we must condescend to look at the wants of the country and its people from an Irish and tenant, as well as from an English and landlord, point of view.

#### MR. DISRAELI'S TACTICS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Disraeli still professes to think that he has adopted the best mode of dealing with the question of Parliamentary Reform, he is almost singular in that opinion. Discontent is as rife in the Conservative as in the Liberal camp. To whatever party an Englishman may belong he has a natural love of direct and open dealing, and he neither approves nor understands the conversion of politics into a branch of the art of juggling. It is possible that the supporters of the Government might surmount their repugnance to a novel and embarrassing course of procedure, if the resolutions proposed by the right hon. gentleman were entirely acceptable to them; or if they could discover in them the means of winning a party advantage. But it is notorious that those relating to plurality of voting, and to voting papers, are as much disliked on one side of the House as on the other; and the only positive result that has been arrived at during the past week is the decisive condemnation of these portions of the Ministerial programme. It is evident that whatever may be gained by introducing resolutions, time has been lost by placing the most important of them before the House in a meaningless form, and deferring to a future day the information necessary to render them intelligible. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is plausible, although not convincing, when he argues that it was necessary to withhold his Bill until the House has affirmed certain principles, in order to prevent a repetition of the tactics of 1859; but even if he were to make the attempt, he would certainly fail in justifying the postponement, until Monday next, of that precise statement of the



Ministerial views which he ought to have made on Monday last. Having committed the serious blunder of wasting a week, and of irritating the House of Commons by offering them a set of propositions in blank, the right hon. gentleman has, however, acted prudently—as a mere matter of tactics—in refusing to abandon his reserve and precipitate his disclosures. There is always a certain disadvantage in confessing that one has been in the wrong; and there would certainly have been a special disadvantage in stating the figures at which the Government propose to fix the franchise, in answer to a question, and therefore without explanation or justification. We can hardly therefore blame Mr. Disraeli for refusing to listen to the appeals of Mr. Baines and Mr. Gladstone; and, indeed, it is too late to dwell upon the inconvenience of a procrastination which has nearly reached its term. All that is now worth while insisting upon is, that there shall be no further delay, no more finessing, no fresh reserve in the statement of the Ministerial plans. Nor are we certain that it is needless to urge this point. There were some expressions in the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Tuesday evening last, which warrant a doubt whether he intends even on Monday to commit himself to any precise proposition in reference to the reduction of the franchise. He professed still to believe that a resolution stating that it is desirable to extend the suffrage, embodies a principle which it is worth while affirming at this time of day; and he used language which seems to imply that the Government wish to reserve to themselves the liberty of defining the application of this principle until they have gathered the opinions of Parliament. In replying to Mr. Baines, he did not promise that he would do more on Monday than “offer those explanations which are due to the House.” Our misgivings may be unfounded. The right hon. gentleman may be prepared to deal with the subject in the frankest and most explicit manner; but after what has already taken place it is impossible not to entertain some suspicion on the point. When a Government once takes to casting about for a policy which may be consistent with the retention of office, there is no saying how long a process of so delicate a character may be protracted.

Whatever may be the wish of the Conservative leaders, they will, however, find that the House of Commons is in no disposition to tolerate any further trifling. Although the Tory organs in the press still maintain that there is nothing in the agitation now on foot, and affect to speak contemptuously of the Reform demonstrations, members of Parliament know better, and appreciate the gravity of the situation more justly. The universal desire now expressed for a speedy settlement of this question stands in curious contrast to the listless indifference with which it was regarded last session. The difference is not due to genuine conversion. No one believes that the Conservatives are at present more anxious than at any previous time for an extension of the suffrage. It is no secret that a large portion of the Liberal members still regard with ill-concealed dislike any material increase of the political power of the working classes. But on both sides of the House there is a general conviction that something must be done; and under the pressure of that conviction, the aversion to Reform is taking a new turn. As the subject cannot be shelved, the next best thing is to huddle up some compromise with the least possible delay. In this way it is hoped that the matter may be got rid of before the popular agitation becomes utterly unmanageable, and compels the adoption of some measure of a strongly Radical kind. Under these circumstances, the Conservatives have ceased to be advocates of postponement, and have become almost feverish in their longing for prompt legislation; and it is because they fear that Mr. Disraeli's tactics tend to nothing less than delay, that they have during the past week sulked in the House of Commons and exploded in wrathful denunciation at their clubs. We will not assert that it is this state of feeling which has rendered necessary the interposition of a higher power, but it is worthy of notice that a meeting of Conservative members is to be held at Lord Derby's on Monday afternoon. It may be that the noble earl is merely going to take upon himself the office of an interpreter between Mr. Disraeli and the party; that he intends to explain beforehand, in simple and intelligible language, the enigmatical utterances with which the right hon. gentleman will, at a later hour, favour the House of Commons. If he does no more, he will certainly confer a great service upon many honest but puzzled country gentlemen; but he has probably a much larger and more important object in view. If the Conservative party can be got in hand, so as readily to respond to the slightest touch of the rein by Mr. Disraeli or of the whip by Colonel Taylor, a good deal may be accomplished in combination with the Adullamites and the half-hearted Liberals. If

the Opposition is split up into fractions, while the Ministerialists act in a compact body, the latter will infallibly become the arbiters of the situation. The noble earl will endeavour to impress that fact on the minds of his followers; and he will probably succeed. For union is the normal condition of the Tory, while dissension is the ordinary state of the Liberal party.

The reticence of Mr. Disraeli has rendered it difficult for Mr. Gladstone and the other Liberal leaders to decide upon any line of action; and the meeting of the party, which was called for Thursday last has been unavoidably postponed until Tuesday next. Sufficient has, however, transpired to show that no objection will be raised to the consideration of the resolutions. We expressed last week a strong opinion that no advantage is likely to result from this course, and we have not since seen any reason to change our mind. But we can quite understand that it is impossible to take any decisive line of action under existing circumstances. There are many members of the Liberal party who are simply anxious to get rid of the question; there are some who are simply afraid to be called factious; there are others who honestly believe that the policy pursued in 1859 was a great mistake, and think that the utmost advantage should be taken of the liberality, or at all events the “squeeze-ability,” of Tories when in office. If the party be not united on the point, there is, of course, no use in attempting to insist upon the immediate production of a Bill; and we have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone has taken the most prudent course in waiving the objections which he confessedly entertains to the Ministerial mode of procedure. That course having been decided upon, it necessarily follows that a certain amount of forbearance must be extended to the Government; nor can any one complain that Mr. Gladstone has shown any disposition to withhold it. Indeed, if we were to find any fault with his bearing during the last week, we should say that he was inclined to carry indulgence and magnanimity rather too far. He has certainly very effectually refuted those imputations on his want of tact, of temper, and of generosity, which the Conservatives were so fond of making last session, and he has thus placed beyond the reach of cavil his eminent qualifications for the leadership of the Liberal party. In other and still more important qualifications he is not likely to be found wanting. It is far more difficult to say whether he will receive from the party the support which he is entitled to expect. The prospect of terminating the conflict by some compromise which may satisfy the majority of both sides of the House is no doubt a fascinating one; and if the question were merely one for the House of Commons there would be no danger in indulging a taste for peace and quietness. A few years ago the subject was mainly a Parliamentary one, and the House could have settled it very much as they pleased. But the golden opportunity was allowed to slip away. No compact or arrangement between hon. members can now avail if it does not satisfy the real demands of the people. By this we do not of course mean the demands of the Reform League, because we are convinced that the intelligent working classes have no desire to insist upon anything so extravagant as manhood suffrage. But it is absolutely necessary that some measure of a far more liberal kind than the Bill of last year should be passed if we are to arrest agitation, restore the confidence of the people in the House of Commons, and congratulate ourselves on having got rid of further organic change for at least another generation. Above all, there must be no connivance at the favourite Conservative “dodge” of giving with the one hand in order to take away with the other. It is unnecessary to refer to plurality of voting or to voting papers, because, as we have always said, the Government propositions on these subjects will scarcely receive even Conservative support. There are, however, other points on which it is more necessary to insist that there must be no mistake. We do not say that fancy franchises should be absolutely excluded, but they must be narrowly watched and kept within such bounds as will not make them the means of preserving to the middle classes their present monopoly of power. The rearrangement of borough boundaries may be admitted in certain cases, but a firm stand must be made against the complete elimination of an independent element from the counties. If the Liberal party be true to itself, a firm stand will be made on this and other vital points which we might easily mention. We have no desire to say a word against the usual “give and take” practice of English political life, but it has its limits. Whether the House proceeds by Resolution or by Bill is comparatively immaterial; but it is of the highest importance not to sanction any compromise which will not bring permanent peace.



## THE TRADES' UNIONS COMMISSION.

WE may now fairly assume that the Commission on Trades' Unions is definitively constituted and instructed. The final Parliamentary modifications have probably been agreed upon, and as soon as the preliminaries have been gone through, the gentlemen nominated by Mr. Walpole will make the inquiries to which he has directed them in the way he has prescribed. Only one nominated Commissioner has declined to serve; but he would have been a host. Mr. Mill, however, has probably judged wisely that sitting on Commissions, though a useful service, is not the most useful which he can render. With the Commission as it stands we, for our part, are well satisfied, and we are hopeful, if not sanguine, as to the results of its labours. Nothing—not even a Derby Administration—is created in vain; and whatever good accrues from this investigation may fairly be attributed to the party now in power. It is unlikely that Mr. Gladstone, had he been at the head of affairs, would have resorted to such an expedient, for a few days of searching personal investigation, and a few moments of decisive speech, would have enabled him to pacify the anxiety which Mr. Walpole has had to acknowledge. But it does not follow that the course adopted is to be regretted. We have throughout the discussion of this question insisted that the one thing needful was to bring trades' unions and the masters to the bar of public opinion. Mr. Gladstone's authoritative deliverances, though they would have answered other ends, would not have answered this, and on the whole we do not suppose anything could facilitate it more than the appointment of such a Commission as the Home Secretary has intrusted with Parliamentary powers. Of course several objections have been raised to it in the House of Commons, but of these none seem to us to have much weight except that against the unnecessary association of the question of outrages with that of the economical and general effect of trades' unions. Not only is this a gratuitous slur upon the trades' unions, but to a certain extent it vitiates, and enfeebles the inquiry. Either trade outrages will be somewhat lightly excused because of a supposititious connection with the unions, or the unions will be somewhat lightly censured for their alleged connection with trade outrages. Besides, a Commission to inquire into outrages should have different instructions and a different constitution to one deputed to report on an economical and social topic. Almost every critic has hit this blot. Only Mr. Roebuck has made light of it, and nothing is more suspicious than the bell-like clearness with which such speakers as Mr. Roebuck pronounce on notoriously intricate and perplexing subjects. He ridicules as fantastic the distinction drawn between the judicial and the economical branches of the investigation; but he could not possibly dispute the extreme difficulty of the judicial duty of the Commission, and as a lawyer he well knows that the best body for such a duty would be a Commission of three, similar to that which sits in cases of extreme electoral corruption. Indeed, Mr. Roebuck himself said as much. But then, what becomes of the economical part of the inquiry? Is that, too, a mere question of special facts? Would Sir William Erle and two assessors deliver on the various relations and operations of the trades' unions a judgment that would be generally respected? We think not. In confessing a preference, therefore, for a Commission of three, Mr. Roebuck has, by implication, corroborated Mr. Goschen's well-judging criticism, pronounced immediately on the statement of the nature of the inquiry, and repeated in the debate on the second reading of the Bill that the combination of the two subjects is a mischievous and defective arrangement. No doubt it will introduce confusion into, and detract from the value of, the report of the Commission; for, while any revelations that are made, as to intimidation or violence, will probably be the basis of suggestions for increasing, if possible, the stringency of the law on that subject, the facts proved as to the economical and social operations of the unions can only be useful as information, since the unions themselves can never be made the subject of prohibitory legislation. To compile the one portion of the report, therefore, in the spirit of the other, would manifestly weaken both, and it will need great care to entirely avoid this mistake.

The inquiry into the outrages is a minor and comparatively useless portion of the task assigned to the Commissioners. Does any sane being suppose that the trades' unions will be officially identified with acts of violence by the most rigid examination of their officers? or that any measures can be devised for making every individual unionist abstain from physical force? This, as Mr. Goschen justly observed, is a question between workmen and workmen, and a question purely of criminal law; while the economical question is one

between masters and workmen, and one which can only be matter of discussion and political information. The former topic is one that does not particularly need canvassing, for there is as little doubt of the nature of trade outrages in Sheffield as there is in reference to agrarian outrages in Ireland. To give indemnity to the perpetrators on condition that they should bear witness against themselves, would have introduced a startling precedent, and would not in the least have assisted in the discovery or prevention of future crimes, while it might perchance, though we shrink from the supposition, have led to the volunteering, if not subornation, of false testimony adverse to the trades' unions. The limitation of time is another feature of the Government plan which has been criticised on untenable grounds. Five years is a period quite long enough by which to judge the trades' unions and workmen of the present time, and the clamorous demand on the part of the Sheffield masters that the investigation should extend over ten years suggests that they know of evils which existed more than five years ago, but which do not exist now, and cannot therefore form a useful subject of present inquiry, though they might create an unfair prejudice. Moreover, it is alleged that if the period of ten years were adopted, the men would bring into the scope of the inquisition the truck system—so strikingly depicted in Mr. Disraeli's "Sibyl"—the abolition of which at once established a great advance in the conduct of the manufacturers and the condition of factory operatives. On the other hand, the requirement that a working man should be added to the Commission was unreasonable, and did not tend to any practical advantage. To put Mr. George Potter upon it would have been like placing a defendant on a jury. The same observation applies to Mr. Newton, who conducted the celebrated engineers' strike. There are one or two other operative authorities—conspicuously Mr. Dunning, the bookbinder, so worthily recognised by Mr. Mill in a note to his "Political Economy," and whom we know to have mastered the subject in all its bearings long before Mr. Potter was a public man—who might have been eligible; but, self-complacency apart, none of them could pretend that Mr. Frederick Harrison was not even better able to conduct their case, and the best thing they can do is to place that most able of our rising political thinkers in the full possession of all their materials. Mr. Watkin, indeed, objects to the presence of what he calls working man's friends on the Commission at all, and, in the most offensive mood of an as yet successful railway magnate, says they are neither workmen nor employers "at a profit." We can happily point to many masters, such as Mr. Platt of Oldham and Sir Francis Crossley of Halifax, who are "employers at a profit," and yet just to working men; otherwise, Mr. Watkin's flippant criticisms would suggest to all impartial minds that the less successful the employers appealed to were, the more trustworthy would the results of the inquiry be. With the exception of an old country gentleman, named Barrow, no member except Mr. Watkin condescended, in the discussions on the Commission, to echo the cruel absurdities with which, immediately before the opening of Parliament, the *Times* so abundantly teemed. Indeed, the motive of much that appeared on this subject in journals adverse to Mr. Gladstone and Reform was so patent that members, even had they concurred in the beliefs expressed, would have been ashamed to support them in Parliament at this particular juncture. Mr. Goschen sententiously observed, amidst considerable cheering, that it was "as bad to set the middle classes against the lower by the argument of fear as to set the lower against the governing classes by the argument of abuse;" and this apophthegm conclusively disposes of the recent clamour against trades' unions, which, from the first, we hoped to see condemned for its bad spirit, but utilized as a means of bringing artisan management distinctly before the public, and making artisans and their managers truly cognizant of public opinion.

The circumstances of foreign manufactures in respect to this question are already better known to the public than they were when these discussions began, the Belgian riots having most opportunely occurred to disconcert Messrs. Creed and Williams; while the idea of the possible loss of trade has undoubtedly been presented to the minds of the operatives in a manner in which it never was seen before. We have not concealed our own conviction that it is easy to overrate the importance of this consideration. The time has gone by for the artificial retention of trades in this country. There is, fortunately, no need for such measures; but if there were need, they would be futile. To retain our trade by arbitrarily checking a natural upward rise of wages is economically as false and practically (nowadays) as impossible as to effect similar objects by protection; and even Mr. Goschen took an exaggerated view of the effect the importation of ready-made doors and windows



would have primarily on the artisan mind, and secondarily in the revival, by moderation in their demand for wages, of our manufacturing supremacy. All facts bearing upon these points must be brought before the Commission in the clearest light, and any proof that the men have injured our trade by extravagant demands, will undoubtedly tell heavily against them; but if, as is, without much probability, alleged, we are paying wages which take us out of the general competition, we must undoubtedly resign ourselves to the superiority of the foreigner, and the most that is likely to be done by the moral effect of acquainting our artisans with what is coming will be to soften and slacken the transition. But as we hold the danger to be chimerical, there is little need to guard against it. The difficulties of the question will be for the most part solved if the results of the Commission should be to prove trades' unions inevitable; to inspire the middle and legislative classes with tolerance towards them; to remove from the minds of masters all idea of conducting their business without taking into account the demands of their men, and to prevent them from uttering absurd generalities on the question; to persuade the unions that they will be fairly met by the masters; to impress upon ruffianly individual operatives that no cause can in these days be served by violence; to secure to the unions legal protection for their funds; to make each dispute a topic of minute public discussion; to originate a hearty and persevering attempt to establish mixed tribunals of conciliation; and to create a strong feeling in favour of elementary education amongst the lower orders, and of diligent and liberal political thought amongst their "betters." This will seem to many a Utopian programme, but the general disposition of Parliament to criticise the Commission freely, but to approve its composition and spirit on the whole, is strongly provocative of hope that most of these points, which are in our judgment foregone conclusions, will be finally established when the labours of the Commissioners are completed.

#### MR. G. W. M'CRACKEN AND MR. MOTLEY.

EVERYBODY who knows anything of a country village knows that its chief character is generally some old maid. She is not so much what Shakespeare calls "time's chronicle," as a peripatetic newspaper. She walks about distilling gossip. Though nobody appears to know much about her, yet she knows everything about everybody. She not only takes cognizance of everything, but occasionally ventures to prophesy. Nor is she particular where she collects her information. She does not so much chronicle small beer, as retail the very dregs and heel-taps of the village pot-house. Whenever she is not particularly well informed she is always "morally certain." Her mountains don't bring forth mice, but her mole-hills white elephants. Generally, she assumes a religious air, which gives a flavour to her stories. Her hints go further than most people's positive assertions. By the mere intonation of a syllable she can generate a scandal. She is always doing her duty, and shuddering about it. And the more painful a story is, the more pleasure she takes.

Such an old maid most people have at some time or another, to their cost, encountered. Nor does she confine her operations to the limits of her own village. Generally she carries on as much correspondence as a Secretary of State. Sometimes she writes to the squire about the "awful scene" at the last village cricket match; sometimes she enters upon a correspondence with the bishop of the diocese about a heresy in the old vicar's sermon, or the cut of the new curate's surplice. Nothing comes amiss. She will give advice, too, upon all subjects, especially to married women on bringing up babies. According to her own account, she is generally the most virtuous and the most ill-used woman under the sun. Whenever any charge is brought home to her, her answer invariably is—"it is a subject which I never by any chance allude to. I am always so very particular. Cards and religion are things which I never meddle with." But whenever she is bringing a charge against anybody, then she is in her glory—"I go upon facts, my dear Mrs. Blank: there is no denying facts; I don't go beating the bush, and feeling the pulse: I don't mince matters; I don't go making—Ahem" (and she stops a moment) "making any bones. I go upon facts."

Such is a slight sketch of the typical old maid of an English village. What her facts are everybody knows. She never, in short, got hold of a fact in her life. But we are bound to say that, transplanted to the American soil, the old maid of England rises to greater heights and sublimer facts. As America "licks all creation" with the size of her rivers and the height of her mountains, so does she with the gossip of her

old maids. Her old maids, too, are not confined to one sex. Shakespeare talks about "a mankind-woman," a phrase which has sadly disturbed the peace of mind of his various commentators. Nobody, however, who has made the acquaintance of Mr. George W. M'Cracken, of New York, through the medium of his letter to President Johnson, will for the future fail to understand its meaning. His very name is significant. We now begin almost to believe in the eternal fitness of things, and in the Shandean theory of nomenclature. The name would, however, have been still more appropriate if spelt with an *r* instead of an *n*. Mr. George W. M'Cracken certainly enjoys great advantages over the mere English old maid. Politics are his theme. He possesses the whole world for his field of action. He deals, too, not with unknown squires and curates, but statesmen and historians. But although of a greater mould, he is substantially of the same type as the old maid of an English village. His letter is of exactly the same stamp that she writes. It contains one word for himself or herself, for we really do not know in what gender to speak of Mr. George W. M'Cracken, and ten against everybody else. "I have travelled a good deal in Europe during the last year, and had occasion to see something of our Ministers and consuls in various countries," is the eloquent commencement of his letter. This is precisely the way in which the old maid would commence her letter to her dearest friend—"I have been to a great many dinners and balls this Christmas, and have seen a great deal of some people who consider themselves our aristocracy." And then Mr. George W. M'Cracken proceeds to say that, in his opinion, the American Ministers and Consuls "are a very indifferent set," just as the old maid would proceed in her note about "some people," "but you know, my dear, they are not what I call gentlemen. I am very particular indeed whom I call a gentleman; it is not everybody who comes up to my standard of being a gentleman;" with an infinity of italics, and dashes under "I," "my," and "gentleman." Then Mr. George W. M'Cracken proceeds to make his specific charges against the members of the "indifferent set," just as the old maid would retail to her dear friend how Mr. A— had only three hundred a year, "and, I am told, my dear, that some of that is mortgaged," and all about Mr. B—'s origin—"people do, indeed, say that his grandfather was a Bermondsey tallow-chandler," and then more italics and dashes. After this Mr. G. W. M'Cracken goes still further into details. Details, he probably imagines, give an air of circumstantiality to his narrative. Mr. Motley, he tells us, thinks that "an English nobleman is the model of human perfection." This is, indeed, very flattering to Englishmen, but it is a sentiment which has unfortunately been somewhat profanely handled by a poet called Burns. Mr. Consul Murphy, however, at Frankfurt, unlike Mr. Motley, at Vienna, has cultivated commerce rather than the manners of the English aristocracy. The result in both cases, according to Mr. George W. M'Cracken, is very lamentable. Mr. Motley is "a flunkey," and Mr. Murphy, "vulgar, ignorant, and unworthy." The conduct of Mr. Hale, too, at Madrid, and of Mr. Morris, at Constantinople, appears to be equally bad. Then Mr. George W. M'Cracken, not content with what he hears and sees himself, retails what his friends hear and see. He appears to have taken Europe under his especial care, whilst his friends devoted themselves to Africa. Even Mr. Moth, at Tangiers, and Mr. Perry, at Tunis, don't escape. From Morocco, Mr. George W. M'Cracken wanders back to Italy, where, at Genoa, he actually discovers a drunken consul, and begins muttering in his "fie, fie!" style. In all this we see the typical old maid of an English village reproduced in an intensely exaggerated form. She cannot afford to travel—to wander from Vienna to Genoa, in search of scandal—so she is obliged to content herself with the home-made article. Of the two may be said,—

"Plus habet hæc vitæ, plus habet ille viæ."

For after all, the old maid's stories are the most life-like. Mr. George W. M'Cracken makes a fatal mistake in art. He has not yet learnt *l'art de conter*. He should remember that in writing fiction, the aim always is to be, if not truthful, truth-like. He never approaches the latter characteristic. He makes great pretensions about having been at the bottom of the well, but in all his buckets of wishy-washy gossip he never brings up a half-gill of truth. Let us, however, do him justice. Towards the close of his letter there is one touch, if not of art, of what is still higher—nature. "Respectable Americans," he adds, "are very much mortified by the presence of such unworthy persons in places of trust and responsibility, and few like the task of letting their experience be known, as I have done." The words which we have italicized are, we think, a masterpiece. It is the old maid's well-known cry.—



"I have done my duty, my dear; and nothing on this earth would make me shrink from doing my duty. God knows I have done my duty"—and then the hands, in the one case, that have been uplifted fall upon the old dowdy, brown-black silk apron, and in the other, drop the pen, and the drama in both instances ends.

Such is a short summary of the letter on the evidence of which Mr. Seward permitted himself to write a letter still worse in tone to Mr. Motley. Upon the correspondence which ensued no two different opinions have, as far as we are aware, been entertained. Upon seeing the evidence, the only question which arises in our mind is—can this letter be a hoax? Is there in the flesh really such a being as Mr. George W. McCracken, of New York? Strange jokes are sometimes played in America, and we would gladly hope that this was one of them. Yet everything negatives this supposition. We can, therefore, think only of one excuse for Mr. Seward's extraordinary conduct—that, as was said at the time, his brain has really suffered from the shock to his system caused by the dastardly attempt to assassinate him. The latest American news, however, brings one piece of consolation to us, that the Senate will not hear of Mr. Motley's retirement from his post as Ambassador at Vienna, which he has always so ably and honourably filled.

#### THE FENIANS IN KERRY.

THE "insurrection" in Chester has been followed by an "insurrection" in Kerry, and both have been perfectly successful. The Fenians in Chester drew 500 of the Guards from London, and in Kerry they wounded a policeman, cut the telegraph wires in several places, and captured a coastguardman. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of these results, or the gallantry with which they were achieved. In the case of the police orderly, who had been despatched from Killarney to warn the police at Cahirciveen that their station was about to be attacked, the spirit displayed by the Fenians left nothing to be desired. It is true there were between sixty and seventy of them, but then the orderly was not only mounted but he had a sword, and was, moreover, so desperate a character that he cut his way through them, and it was not until his back was turned to them that they had any chance of firing at him in safety. But when the opportune moment came they did not flinch. They fired, and winged him, and then relieved him of the papers which, in a narrow, bureaucratic spirit, he had refused to surrender, and of the horse he could no longer ride. Hardly less conspicuous for bravery was the conduct of another party of Fenians, who on Tuesday night started somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cahirciveen to march upon Killarney, numbering according to an exaggerated estimate 800 men, but probably not exceeding 100. The route over which they had to force their way was naturally difficult, lying as it did, and does, over a highway that skirts the sea, from which, had one of her Majesty's ships been in the offing they might have been shelled. In this masterly evolution a party of thirty Fenians, a little before daylight, came upon a coastguard look-out, who had the impudence to challenge them, though he had neither a horse nor a sword. Nothing daunted by this unlooked-for obstacle, the thirty Fenians called upon him to surrender. He asked, "To what?" and they promptly and manfully replied, "To the Irish Republic." There are words, even in our prosaic age, which possess a talismanic power, and these were some of them. At the bare mention of the sublime shibboleth, the coastguard took to his heels so effectually that, although the thirty fired upon him, it was reserved to another party of Fenians to capture him. Some ill-natured persons have asserted that they killed him, but the special correspondent of the *Times* says that they allowed him to go away unharmed, but not before he had warned them that the business they were engaged in would turn out badly, an expostulation which they met with the reply, "that they could not help it, and that all the people were doing the same thing that night."

Now all the people were not doing the same thing that night. Some of them were betraying the movement, others were preparing to check it, others thought or knew so little about it that they were passing with their usual earnestness through the ordinary affairs of life. It is probable enough that had an effective demonstration of force been made, a body of troops encountered and beaten, or a town occupied somewhat more energetically than Chester was, the disaffection of the peasantry might have shown itself. But when we read of the arrest of "Captain Murty Moriarty," and of the mission on which he was travelling to Killarney, we confess ourselves amazed at the infinite

stupidity of the men who organized this Kerry rising, and almost ashamed that fellows of such contemptible capacity should have occasioned us a moment's alarm. On the afternoon of Tuesday week Lord Kenmare's agent received two anonymous letters, stating that there would be a rising in Killarney on that or the following night, and that the leader of the movement, the unfortunate Murty, "would," says the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, "approach Killarney from Cahirciveen in the mail-car that night." For a time it was a question whether these anonymous warnings should be attended to; "but relying at length," says the writer already quoted, "upon the Fenian tendency to betray one another, a party of constabulary were sent out to meet the car." Then it appeared that the warning Lord Kenmare's agent had received was veracious. When the car was stopped there was Moriarty, whose resemblance to the description given of him was at once facile and fatal, for Murty by some means or other had lost his nose. But he was not only conspicuous by the absence of this seceding feature. Treasonable papers were found upon him, one of which was an introduction to a young man named Sheehan, a "shopman in Killarney." This letter of introduction, by which Moriarty was accredited to the Fenians of Killarney, appears to have been written by a Colonel O'Connor, who in it directed the Killarney Fenians to act under Moriarty's orders, and advised them that they would be co-operated with. This letter was the brand by which Kerry first, and then all Ireland, was to be set in a blaze. But the secret had been so loosely kept that the Killarney police knew all about it before Captain Moriarty set out upon his journey. Whether it was he who sold the pass, or Sheehan, the shopman, or the "carpenter named Garde," who have also been arrested, we cannot as yet say. But so long as rebel captains travel by mail-car with letters of introduction in their pockets to local centres of rebellion, and so long as it is known at what time they can be met with and arrested, we have no reason to fear for the stability of our rule in Ireland. We may regret the excessive folly of these disturbances of the peace; we may visit with a mixture of contempt and indignation the fools who put any faith in them; but Fenianism as a cause of serious alarm is defunct. It survives henceforth only in the character of an annoyance, unless, indeed, we are to regard it as an exceedingly clever trick for raising the wind, to be placed in the same category as wooden nutmegs, and other Yankee "fixins."

But if there are foolish men in Ireland there are foolish men also in England, and one of them made a parade of his folly in the House of Lords on Monday. On that day the Earl of Essex "ventured to express a hope, even at the risk of being thought harsh and hard-hearted, that any of the rebels who might be caught red-handed would be treated with the utmost rigour of the law"—that is to say, he hoped that they would be hanged. But the noble Earl hoped much more than this. "He hoped that none of the humanitarian opinions which were so frequently heard would interfere to prevent those men from receiving the punishment they so richly deserved." He went further still; he hoped that, "if the military, when called upon to act, should be compelled to shed blood, they would not do so at the risk of being called to account for their conduct;" for "nothing could be more discouraging to an officer or a soldier than to know that the non-performance of his duty would be attended by professional disgrace, while its performance might subject him to a criminal trial." Poor Lord Essex, he must have read the accounts of the Fenian collapse in Kerry with bitter disappointment. Evidently a votary of the doctrine of force, he was no doubt infinitely disappointed that no Fenians have been shot down "red-handed," or strung up to the nearest tree after having passed through the ordeal of a drumhead court-martial. He would have liked to have seen in Kerry what was done lately in Jamaica, and with a sort of savage earnestness he deprecates the idea of questioning the conduct of any man bearing her Majesty's commission or uniform. But he does not see that if men are "compelled to shed blood," they are justified in doing so, and have no reason to dread a criminal trial; and that if they are inclined to shed it unjustifiably, the prospect of a criminal trial will have the effect of steadying their judgment, and probably of saving innocent life. If we misconstrue his lordship's words we are sorry for it, but they have a bloodthirsty look about them which leads us to think that it is well his place is in the House of Lords, and not in a more authoritative and commanding position. Far distant be the day when our officers or soldiers shall be released from accountability to our criminal tribunals. It may be discouraging to them to think that they cannot shoot a nigger or a Fenian without being called to an account for their conduct, but it is highly consoling to us. Besides, his lordship's



lamentation is ill-placed. If he came forward as the apologist of Mr. Eyre he would have some sort of ground to stand upon. The Jamaica blacks showed fight; the Fenians have shown nothing but their heels, and those at a safe distance. Though troops have been scouring the country, traversing the mountains, and beating the woods, the only occasion on which they appear to have come in sight of the enemy was once, when, a very great way off, they saw sixteen of them, who immediately afterwards, like the witches in "Macbeth," appeared to melt "like breath into the wind." No; with all deference to the Earl of Essex, we will not repeat so close to home the atrocities of Jamaica. We are quite ready, upon the wish of her Majesty's Government, to renew the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act as long as it is considered necessary. But one outburst of official butchery in a generation is sufficient.

#### THE ADMIRALTY.

SUCH admissions as those which were wrung from Sir John Pakington on Tuesday are invaluable. There has long been a belief amongst the public that the administration of the Board of Admiralty has been wasteful, inefficient, and faulty in every respect. When, on the eve of the Crimean war, poor Sir Charles Napier was appointed to the command in the Baltic, and made his slaughter-house imitation of Nelson's signal, he had misgivings that the fleet which was about to carry his "lads" to the Baltic, was—including the "lads"—a poor representative of England's wooden walls. Later on he became convinced that it was "the worst fleet ever sent to sea by Great Britain since our naval history commenced," and, making all allowance for the turbulent tendencies of the old Admiral, it must be allowed that the fleet was not a good one. The crews had been got together anyhow, and Sir Charles was not long in discovering that his "lads" had something more to do than merely sharpen their cutlasses in order to secure victory. The Admiralty, moreover, had brought their ships together without the slightest reference to their draught of water; and thus it came to pass that when the fleet reached the Baltic it was found impossible to bring them within fighting distance of the forts of Cronstadt. That is a sample of the mismanagement of the Admiralty, which ever since then has been laying itself open to charges of incompetence, perhaps more or less exaggerated, but in all of which there has been some portion of truth. While he lived, Admiral Napier kept a vigilant look-out upon the doings of "my lords." But his violence stood greatly in his way; and after his quarrel with Sir James Graham, which elicited the fact that he had taken the command of a fleet he knew to be unfit for its work, his words no longer carried their former weight. But now an accuser of another stamp has come forward, and both in the last session of Parliament and the present has exposed some of the weaknesses of the Board of Admiralty. Mr. Seely may not be absolutely correct in every fact which he has brought forward—such perfection of statement is not to be expected. He has, however, substantiated quite enough to show that the bad odour in which the Admiralty lives is not undeserved; nay, that it is not safe to intrust to a department which cannot guard them in time of peace, interests on which, in the event of war, the very salvation of the country may depend. If the *Favourite*, which was sent out last spring to protect British fishing-vessels on the North American coast, had been provoked to a contest by any of the United States' iron-clads, which were there to protect the American fishing-boats, she had neither any steel nor chilled iron shot or shell on board. There was a "probability" that she might be supplied with them by the second week in September, and 1,539 chilled shot for 7-inch guns had been issued to Halifax for the land service, which "could, on an emergency, be made available for the *Favourite*." But otherwise she was so far defenceless. Nay, if we go further back, we find that before the Committee of 1861 Admiral Bowles, in his evidence on the Syrian question in 1840, stated that "the French Admiral, who had an equal force with ourselves, soon found out how weakly our ships were manned, and how badly they manœuvred, and he wrote to his Government . . . for permission to attack the English fleet, saying that he would answer for obtaining a complete victory."

In his speech on Tuesday Mr. Seely sought to trace the inefficient control and management of the dockyards—first, to the constitution of the Board of Admiralty; secondly, to the defective organization of the subordinate departments; and thirdly, to the want of clear and well-defined responsibility. In taking this position he had an easy victory over the present

First Lord, who, before the Committee of 1861, said that while he was at the Admiralty during Lord Derby's last Administration he never felt that he had either the knowledge or the control, or that responsibility which a Minister at the head of such a department ought to have. Sir John Pakington said more than that. He avowed his distrust of the Board of Admiralty as a means of governing such a department as the navy. And now that six years have passed since he gave this evidence, and when he is passing through a second term of office as First Lord, he retracts nothing of his bad opinion of the Board, but tells the House of Commons that he can now say more than he said then; that he thinks the working of that machine is not satisfactory, and is ill-adapted to discharge the most important and difficult duties which devolve upon the authority intrusted with the administration of the navy. Indeed he has been so candid that we may put Mr. Seely aside, and rest the claim for Admiralty reform wholly upon the testimony of the present First Lord. He admitted fact after fact, proving incontestably that the system over which the Board presides is not fit for its work. There was, first of all, the case of the iron ballast with which the dockyards have been paved, and which some dockyard wit has nicknamed "Seely's pigs." Sir John could not believe Mr. Seely's statement last session of its value. He thought it "almost visionary," and when Mr. Seely came into his room at the Admiralty, accompanied by the hon. members for Stockport and Oldham, and when the member for Oldham told him he would pave the yard with anything he liked to name and give him £100,000 for the ballast, Sir John thought they were, as he says, "chaffing me." But on inquiry we find that they were doing nothing of the kind. "Seely's pigs" deserve all that the member for Oldham said in their praise, and Sir John confidently hopes that by their sale he will obtain a fund "which will do something towards increasing the strength and power of the navy." This is a telling item in the accusation against the Admiralty. They had in truth thrown away £100,000 of the public money in a single article; and so inefficient is the supervision of the expenditure that, but for Mr. Seely, the First Lord would probably never have heard the base uses to which these inestimable pigs had been put. But what else could be expected from such a system than abuses like this? Take another example. The Comptroller of the navy has to discharge duties which are briefly summed up as follows:—He has to prepare designs for ships, whether they are built in the Royal dockyards, or in private yards; to inspect works in progress; and to control the management of the 17,000 or 18,000 artificers and workmen employed in the seven dockyards. Clearly such duties are beyond the power of any one man. When the First Lord asked Admiral Robinson, the present Comptroller, whether he could really control and manage all these vast establishments, he replied, "I cannot do it." What a blot on the system is this, that the most important interests have been intrusted to an officer who professes his incompetence to discharge them. No wonder that Sir John Pakington, with the best desire to defend the department of which he is nominally head, is obliged to admit that, after painstaking inquiry, both in the dockyards and elsewhere, he has come to this conclusion—"that the first thing we have to complain of is a certain laxity which characterizes the whole system."

Mr. Seely could ask nothing more than this admission, prefaced as it was in an earlier portion of Sir John's speech by something like a promise that in the event of his continuing in office, so strong is his conviction that the constitution of the Board of Admiralty is inconvenient and unprofitable to the public service, he would probably consult his colleagues as to how far in their judgment a change may be desirable. It is vain to expect that the partial changes which have been made by the late and the present Boards in the organization of the subordinate departments will of themselves renovate the system. Their defects have been the result of what Sir John Pakington calls the "clumsy machinery" of the Board, and "the absence of that direct responsibility which ought to exist in a great department." Under an efficient head there could not, for example, exist such an abuse as that, in one dockyard an article costs 14s. 2d. while in another it will cost £1. 11s. Sir John Pakington admits that this charge is well founded. But why, making all these admissions, does he consider it "a national misfortune that any of these great establishments should be the objects of constant vituperation and attack"? We credit Sir John Pakington with being one of the most able and candid administrators of the age, to whose exertions at the Admiralty the nation owes much. Will he really say that any attacks which have been made upon the dockyards have been more damaging to their reputation than the simple facts which he himself has admitted to be true?



## MURDER AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

THE law relating to murder is certainly in need of amendments, but we do not think anything will be lost if the Bill brought in by Mr. Walpole is rejected. What is chiefly wanted is a clear definition of the principle of murder, such as is given in the Indian Penal Code, and such as cannot well be extracted from the subtle distinctions of the old jurists, or from the mass of cases collected in more modern text-books. Probably most men have a vague idea of what constitutes the essential guilt of murder. In almost any given case most practical thinkers would find it easy to decide whether the criminal had done something worthy of death, or merely deserved a short term of imprisonment. Yet the responsibility of those who have to resolve, not whether a man is worthy of death, but whether he is to die, is of course infinitely greater. They cannot condemn him by the verdict of their own consciences, for they are merely the servants of the law. And when they begin to interrogate the law, they find that the oracle is doubtful. Questions about malice, about the comparative guilt of the pursuit in which the guilty person was engaged, arise on all sides. Mr. Walpole's Bill does not put an end to these perplexities; indeed (if we are to trust an eminent writer on English criminal law), it adds to their number. It does not relieve those crimes which are to be punished as manslaughter from the odium of the name of murder. It still visits with death the homicides committed in the execution of certain other crimes, and these other crimes are to be arbitrarily specified. And it leaves loopholes by which greater criminals might escape if they had only studied its provisions, and taken care to conform to the letter of it. This we believe to be the necessary result of an Act which deals with details instead of with principles. We have more than once observed that it is useless legislating on details unless you are able to include all the details that can ever come into being. If the Houses of Parliament would confine themselves to the establishment of such broad principles as could be acted upon, and would leave the interpretation of them to those judges who are now burdened with the far more difficult interpretation of a medley of details and principles, the work of all would be easier, and it would have a better chance of enduring.

Whatever may be the prospects of the Bill for amending the law of murder, we sincerely hope that another Bill, introduced at the same time and backed with the same names, will be successful. We speak of the Bill for carrying into effect capital punishments within prisons. Like the former Bill, this one is the result of the Commission on capital punishment, but it deals with a simpler question, and has given rise to fewer differences of opinion. As Mr. Walpole has refused to adopt the definition of murder in the Indian Penal Code which was drawn up by Lord Macaulay, it is rather singular that he should have accepted with but little change the Act for Private Executions which is in force in Australia. The chief provisions are that the sentence of death is to be executed within the walls of the prison, in the presence of the sheriff, the gaoler, chaplain, and surgeon of the prison, such other officers as the sheriff may require, and such justices of the peace, relations of the prisoner, or other persons, as the sheriff may allow to be present. The surgeon is to examine the body, ascertain the fact of death and certify it; the coroner of the jurisdiction is to hold an inquest on the body within twenty-four hours after the execution, and the jury is to ascertain the identity of the body. Copies of the surgeon's certificate, of the declaration signed by those present, and of the finding of the coroner's jury, are to be exhibited publicly, as soon as possible after the execution, for a space of twenty-four hours, on or near the principal entrance of the prison. It is left to the Home Secretary to make such rules as he may think expedient for guarding against any abuse in the mode of the execution, for giving greater solemnity to it, and for making known without the prison walls what is taking place within them. As we have said, these provisions seem to us useful and desirable. The punishment we inflict for what we consider the gravest offence against the law, is a question that demands the attention of all who live under the law. How we are to define that gravest offence may cause much discussion. How we are to punish it is also open to argument. But having arrived at some sort of definition of the crime, and having made up our minds as to the punishment it deserves, we are logically bound to execute that punishment so as to make it effectual. Hitherto it may have served its purpose as a penalty, but it has not served its purpose as an example. We have allowed roughs and scoundrels to make holiday under the gallows, and the scenes which have been acted there would have shamed the Roman circus. The punishment which was meant to deter was seen to encourage. The

example was taken literally. Yet, with the constant recurrence of such scenes, and the faithful description of them in the newspapers, some noble lords were found last session to proclaim that public executions were beneficial, that criminals shrunk from the disgrace of being publicly hung, and that the crowds must be really impressed, although they seemed so callous. It is not unlikely that the same arguments will be repeated in the course of this session, for nothing has so strong a principle of vitality as an unreasoning objection. Sound objections may be overcome by being met with something that is still sounder. A sensible opponent may be converted by logical proof, or shaken by the weight of presumptive evidence; but a cant never dies, and it is hopeless to convince a man who does not know the meaning of conviction.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the opposition to private executions, is that much of it proceeds from men who would abolish capital punishment. This by itself ought to open the eyes of the extreme Tories. The opponents of capital punishment know too well what is the general effect of public executions. They see that the nation is scandalized at the saturnalia of pickpockets taking place in the very sight of the offended majesty of the law. They know that the example set to the crowd is bad, and they hope by degrees to enlist the crowd in their favour. But all those who feel the necessity of such a penalty as death, ought to shrink from degrading that necessity. They ought to aim, before all things, at making it solemn and impressive. If privacy has that effect, while publicity produces an effect exactly opposite, they should consider what are the especial advantages of publicity to counter-balance its evils. We believe the main reason given for public executions is that by the theory of the English law everything legal ought to be done openly. No doubt this theory is in itself a great safeguard. We do not feel its merits at the present time so much as our ancestors have felt them, but that is no reason for superseding it. There are many of the first principles of liberty which we see in a bad light because their true meaning has been wrested, and they have gradually given place to license. But that is no reason for surrendering our liberties, and making a fresh start with our whole system, in order to arrive at some different results in parts of it. The real question is always how far certain abuses are inseparable from liberty, how far certain restraints are inconsistent with freedom. We are told that if the last sentence of the law is carried into effect within the walls of our prisons, the people will either doubt its having been carried into effect, or will doubt its having been carried into effect fairly. Our courts transact business with open doors, and the presence of the public is a standing check on justice. But then our courts are only open to as many as they will hold, and only open to them as long as they behave themselves decently. If there was a Central Criminal Court for the whole of London sitting in Trafalgar-square, and any number of persons were allowed to press up as close to the barrier as they could, to interrupt the proceedings by riot, and to yell at the judge while he was passing sentence, then, no doubt, there would be little difference between trial and execution. But as we limit the number which is present at the one, and lay down the strictest rules of order for the other, why must the English Constitution be violated if we apply the same rules to each? Which is most impressive, the capital sentence, or the infliction of the penalty? And which ought to be most impressive, the sentence, which may be commuted, or the execution, which is irrevocable? Yet after providing for the solemnity of the sentence by all the means in our power, we leave the execution to be careless and brutal, shocking those who can feel by its coarseness, and delighting those who cannot feel by its suggestions of indecency.

The question as to the abandonment of capital punishment is not now before us in a practical shape. But it is difficult to enter into all the points raised by the Bills we are considering, and the report and evidence on which those Bills are founded, without touching on this matter. Such a question is always difficult to answer, for the reason that the penalty of death is practical, and the objections to it are mostly speculative. The main objection, of course, is that human life is sacred. But this always reminds us of Alphonse Karr's reply to the opponents of capital punishment. "Abolir la peine de mort!" he said. "Je veux bien, mais que MM. les assassins commencent." We do not expect murderers to take the initiative, but at least this argument cuts both ways. We cannot say that the life of a criminal is more sacred than the life of his victim. What we feel is, that a crime has been committed for which we know of no other punishment than a sort of retaliation. The weakness of the opponents of the present penalty is that they can suggest nothing better. And where a radical



change is contemplated it is not enough to condemn that which exists without being prepared to replace it.

#### HEROIC LITERATURE.

Epics of every kind are out of date. Cowley's "Davideis," Blackmore's "Prince Arthur," Wilkie's "Epigoniad," and Glover's "Leonidas," had readers, and perhaps admirers, in their day, but they are now little more than tombstones in the literary burial-ground. No poet in our time would risk his reputation on the conduct of an epic poem. The dust upon his Camoens and Klopstock would warn him to beware, and "Madoc" and "Roderick" on the bookstalls would caution him to remember their fate. Even the mock-heroic style finds little favour among us; and if "Hudibras" is often quoted, it is seldom read. Here and there some modern Belinda may be seen bending over the "Rape of the Lock," but who will now puzzle his brains over the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice"? The prose epic has lost its charm. We feast on "Telemachus," "Rasselas," "The Epicurean," and "Vathek," but a story cast in the same mould would have small chance of acceptance with our fastidious publishers. We admire them, and a host of other productions based upon the heroic principle, as things of the past; we can fancy their neat adaptation to the times in which they first appeared; but we feel instinctively that they are now as unbefitting the age as a knight in armour would be walking down Bond-street. Why is it that heroes are at a discount, and that "one great complex action, in a grand style, and with fulness of detail," has lost its charm? How comes it to pass that no work of the imagination succeeds if its subject is the fortunes and exploits of an ancient or modern hero, recorded strictly according to classic rules? Cannot genius fling as rich and varied interest around St. Louis, Washington, or Napoleon, as it did of old over the wrath of Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses, and the landing of Æneas in Latium? Why has Shakespeare created a crowd of heroes, but no heroic poem? Why has the English language but one epic which will last as long as itself, and that epic without any hero, except it be Satan, or Adam, the type of mankind? The reason is, that poetry and romance are on the whole a reflex of every-day life, and ours is not an heroic age. Barbarians delight in objects of the imagination, but the civilized cultivate rather objects of sense. We have lost our first love to contract a worthier. We care little for myths, and fasten our affection on realities. We eschew the marvellous and the vague, and cling to what is homely and distinct. We prefer details to generalities; and even in the histories of great generals and princes, like Frederick II. of Prussia, we are more interested by the particulars of their private lives than by their exploits in the field. The *prestige* of individual prowess has vanished with the club of Hercules, and the lance of the jousting knight. Discipline with us accomplishes more than valour; and victories such as that of Sadowa are won in a great measure by scientific improvements. The divinity of man consists in social perfection, not in striding above his fellows, like the Colossus at Rhodes. Romance and history are but sports and pastimes—a noble recreation to which we fly for relief from more serious occupation. But into these sports we carry, as children do into theirs, a playful mimicry of real life. Our heroes and heroines, our villains, sages, and oddities, must all, like the horses, soldiers, and dolls of the nursery, resemble characters we see and meet. The sports of the savage partake of savage life. His war-dance and war-songs, his odes and epics, are to him what chess, novels, and the drama, are to us. In each case, the amusement and the business of life must be in keeping. Norwegian sagas, with their sea-kings, berserkers, giants, and sorcerers, would be as tiresome to an English audience as the finer touches and minute details of "Lear," "Hamlet," and the "Idyls of the King" would be to a tribe of North American Indians.

If we descend the stream of literature from the earliest times to our own, we find that the heroic principle appeared in men's writings just in the same measure as it actuated their lives. When successive Buddhas became incarnate, when Bacchus conquered India with his army of men and women armed with cymbals and thyrsuses, when Odin revealed his heavenly hall, and Thor shook the hearts of the Norse with his thunder; when Orpheus and Homer sang hymns to the gods,—the deification of heroes pervaded every branch of literature, and formed the staple of every work of the imagination. When gods had ceased to become men, and only inspired them; when Miriam, Deborah, and Anna were prophetesses, and Balaam took up his parable; when Baal had his prophets,

and Greece its far-famed oracles; when Mahomet fled to Medina, and his followers stamped the idols of nations into the dust,—prophetic verse came into vogue, divine responses were written down from the beaks of Dodona's doves, and the mouth of Trophonius's cave. Sober men like Herodotus believed them, and said, as he did:—"I shall neither presume to question the authority of oracles myself, nor patiently suffer others to do so." Vedas and prophecies, the Books of Enoch, Jasher, and Eedras, became, as it were, the fashionable study of learned men in the East. Some Mohammedan doctors, we are told, read the Koran 70,000 times; and so close was the alliance between prophecy and poetry, that the poet himself soon stepped into the place of honour which the hero-prophet had filled before him. He was, indeed, a lower sort of hero, yet the great songster was a hero still—a victor in the realms of fancy, returning laden with spoils. The people of Verona said of Dante:—"There is the man that visits heaven, hell, and purgatory, when he pleases." Every poet was then in his measure a Dante, and inspired above his fellows. Petrarchs and Tassos abounded, though they were not all crowned on the Capitol. Border-minstrels and troubadours kindled the heroic spirit, and blazoned through castle-yards the exploits of red-cross knights. Heroes of the camp and the tournament, heroes of the schools and the cloister, filled the parchments of those middle or transition ages. The founder of every sect was a hero; and literature consisted in great part of the acts of martyrs and the legends of saints.

It is all changed now. Even in those countries where saintdom is taken most account of, we are not likely again to see multitudes flocking to the desert to gaze on a "pillar-saint." Our heroes are reduced in size, and multiplied on a smaller scale. Our estimate of the great man is, age after age, constantly diminishing. The heroes of our romances are shorn of mystic proportions; they are men of like passions with ourselves, and differ from ordinary mortals only in the distinctness of their character and the singularity of the circumstances in which they are placed. Modern heroes are not heroic in the ancient sense. We have heroes of the loom, the ploughshare, and the fireside, and such are our favourites. In composition, no less than in society, "the individual withers, and the world grows more and more." Principles, laws, companies, take the place of heroes. We move to our ends *en masse*, nor attempt to accomplish them single-handed. The idyl is superseding the drama, the drama tragedy, and tragedy the epic. Cowper's hero is the happy man "whose warfare is within." Shelley's Adonais was his friend Keats. Tennyson's deepest, tenderest, divinest poem is written on a youth who, but for his immortal elegy, would now be forgotten. Civilization exalts the lowly, depresses the tumid, and levels all. Our tendency is not to heroize, but the reverse. We are slow to admit the greatness of contemporaries. People are apt to say, "perhaps I should think such a one great if I did not know him." It is only when our great men shake off this mortal tabernacle, and drop the accretions of time, that we slowly and reluctantly recognise the heroic halo gathering round them. They will stand a better chance of this if they are great thinkers rather than great actors. What is outward show and pomp compared with inward might? The taste of the age is changing silently. The reflective Wordsworth—once so ridiculed—is gaining ground on the chivalrous Walter Scott as poet, and will perhaps beat him in the long race. Even the passionate heroes of Byron, with all their fire and tenderness, are dwindling before the more thoughtful creations of the present laureate. Objective poetry, which alone was possible in early ages, still declines, and subjective poetry rises in value. In modern history especially, the heroic tendency of authors is happily modified. Biographies are no longer brimful of fulsome adulation. Our biographers do not as they once did, set out with a resolution to magnify every good quality, and throw a veil over every bad one. They seek to draw a faithful portrait, or one, at least, tolerably like the original. Kings have ceased to be heroes because they wear a crown and wield a sceptre. They are judged, like other men, by their merits, and their Divine right has as little to do with the question as their power of touching for the king's evil. We obey and respect them because they represent the people whom they govern, and execute the laws which their people have framed. The feeling of equality gains ground in proportion as civilization spreads, and it pervades all literature to the detriment of the falsely heroic principle. That principle abides for ever, but it admits of right application and of wrong. We are learning to apply it better than our fathers. We are distinguishing between true heroism and false, and we fancy that we can discover more of it that is real and sterling in the humbler walks and shady vales of life than on the lofty ridges and the sunnier slopes. We have a notion that patient suffering and self-sacrifice are



heroism of the highest kind; and while we bow before true greatness in every form, we prefer it in its homely and familiar aspects, whether it be described in words or exhibited in deeds.

### CHIGNONOLOGY.

M. DU CHAILLU, in his recently published book, describes a belle of Equatorial Africa with a chignon not at all unlike what may be seen any day in Regent-street or Piccadilly. The difference between the Ishogo and the English lady is that the former manufactures the chignon out of her own hair and head while the latter buys it ready-made in the shops. In Ishogo, as in England, there are also varieties of chignon. M. Du Chaillu presents us with drawings of the vertical, the oblique, and the horizontal. Here we have improved upon the attractive device until poetry and French dictionaries are ransacked to christen the ornamental subdivisions. The chignon being, so to speak, a more ethereal grace than the hoop or crinoline, admits of minuter descriptions, and the artists employed in the new branch of industry are permitted to entitle their designs as multifariously as the recondite inventions of the milliners, who have at least fifty different species of bonnets already catalogued. Such primitive terms as vertical, horizontal, or oblique, merely expressing position, may do well enough for Ishogo, where dress and language are restrained within the simplest elements, and where, in fact, very little more than a chignon and a necklace is required for ordinary promenade costume. But in a civilized community the chignon keeps pace with other developments, and though the female taste for the thing itself may be universal, it is only to be expected that, with our superior advantages, we should have superior chignons.

Decorations are often an index to disposition, and when they are accredited with a certain style and character, this notion becomes still more probable. "Show me your chignon and I will tell you what you are," appears to be at first a wild parody upon a sensible proverb, but there is as much truth in the parody as in the primitive saw. If chignons increase and multiply we see no reason why a science of comparative chignonology—a gay science not unlike that of Mr. Dallas—may not be established, and at present there is almost sufficient data for an Owen in that line to start with. Here, for instance, is a list embracing a few of the varieties of this charming object:—

Caprice	} Chignon	Marchioness
Imperial		Soleil
Royal		Unique
Coquette		Perfection
Divine		Elegance
Phantasy		Duchess
Candour		

It will be perceived how the fashion accommodates itself to all minds as well as to all polls. We have no doubt but that the mourning-houses have already supplied themselves with chignons for sad occasions, vidual excrescences, lumps indicative of mitigated affliction, or globular and hirsute monuments to the memory of remoter relatives. The chignon cannot be confounded with other artificialities which ladies put on and off. It is even superior to that mysterious fabric which is now substituted for the sansflectum. It holds a more dignified situation, and is in its youth and vigour, while the latter is only the shred or shadow of its former self—shrunk, like the Roman's fame, to a little measure. *Embonpoint* has had its day, and contours are shifted. The chignon of our great great grandmothers was what, in Ishogo, they would term a perpendicular; and the Pompadour style is closely followed in the chignon oblique of the same country. But now comes the question, Why do ladies wear chignons? Do men fall in love with chignons? Does an Ishogonian and a Cockney share in this extraordinary sentiment, and both lay their hearts at the back of their respective Juliet's heads? Ladies, of course, are the best judges in such matters, and it would be well if some of them who write on political economy would enlighten us on a point of this kind. Given the chignon, to find the reason for it; such would be the problem. Even a lady's reason would be better than none. The hoops were driven out by fire, and the chignons are threatened with "gregarines." The "gregarines," according to the *Lancet*, haunt the chignon, and gentlemen who have refreshed themselves with an examination into the domestic affairs of these hypothetical creatures testify to the fact that chignons are good for gregarines, but that gregarines are destructive to health. It is strange that ladies are invariably unfortunate in this respect, that they never manage to combine

the principles of fashion with the rules of hygiene. Artificial wreathes contain arsenic, tight lacing produces consumption, low dresses are not healthy, high-heeled boots encourage corns, small bonnets invite neuralgia, face powder results in blotches, and now the chignon breeds gregarines. It is awkward, too, that the gregarines should have been discovered just as a report appeared in the papers that a lady's life had been saved by a chignon. The chignon might have had a long career before it, and we think may have; but its popularity has received a momentary check. The *Daily Telegraph* had a chignon boiled on its own account this week, having first rehashed and served up a stolen dish from the medical papers, and the results of the experiment were so awful that we are surprised they were not made the subject of a leader. This chignon, besides being boiled was put round the neck of a hen, its situation there being considered by the experimenter to represent closely its office and position in the fashionable world. The consequences had to be partly expressed in Latin, and were exceedingly disagreeable. Now the *chef* who prepared this dish for the *Telegraph* used even more than the ordinary quantity of piquant sauce so popular in his establishment. The gregarines are possibly not animals at all, and may be a comparatively harmless though disgusting vegetable formation. They are not "epizoa," and they never develop into pediculi. In fact, pediculi are never found in dead hair. Then, again, artificial hair for the most part comes from France and Germany, and not from the "filthy Burlakes." However, we need not dwell on this part of the subject. What the ladies will say on the matter it is not easy to conjecture. It is not improbable that they will stick to the chignons through good and evil report. They are not deterred by trifles from what they have once taken a fancy to, and if you want to confirm a woman in her attachment to anything, you have only to abuse it; if she only had a slight regard for it before, she will then love it with a positive enthusiasm which might be mistaken for obstinacy, but which is simply a touch of genuine female nature. What an amount of comic and serious writing, of coroners' inquests and trials by jury for omnibus and railway-tunnel misconceptions was expended before crinoline was given up! Then the chignon must be examined by a microscope before its condition is detected, and a microscope does not form a part of a lady's toilette furniture. In Ishogo the women suffer all the inconveniences of the fashion, but find a compensation for them in the fashion itself. English ladies are not likely to be behind Ishogo in this respect. They are glorious martyrs to custom, and have often before stood boldly up against the innovations of science. If they once take it into their heads that chignons will aid them in procuring husbands, the imaginary gregarines will be regarded as nothing. Chignons are classic and Parisian. Chignons are borrowed directly from French dames whose patrons are in the jockey club. Chignons derive a certain charm of innocent naughtiness from their very origin. Chignons enable ladies to appear on an equality with each other, whether nature has been scanty or profuse to them. The chignon is another weapon added to the captivating armoury. Between dyes and chignon pads and puffs the figure and face will be irresistibly prepared for conquest. If those embellishments are multiplied further, we shall arrive at a situation not dissimilar to that which is prophesied as the result of continued advances in the science of war. A time must come when nothing more can be done; when art shall be satisfied with her work upon the female model, and express her inability to improve it by a single additional cushion. Then we shall have the millennium of fashion, and perhaps a return to primitive simplicity. When the forces of attraction are on all sides equal, competition must cease. Chignons and contours, when universal, must defeat their own object, just like long-shooting cannon and Greek fire. Some other novelty may then, of course, be started; but there may be an end to the combinations of millinery; and chignonism cannot be inexhaustible. Perhaps the costume of Dr. Walker may be that of the future. If our professions are to be invaded, why not our garments? If we are left our paletots in peace, however, we may leave the ladies their chignons. Surely the privileges accorded to women in a foreign and barbarous land, should not be denied them on our free soil? It is cowardly to attack the chignons as they have lately been attacked. If they can only be got at from the rear their opponents should at least not invent scandal of them, and write of "gregarines" and chignons in the same way as they wrote of sausages and trichinosis. A clown in one of our current pantomimes makes a chignon of a pound of property sausages, and perhaps the sight of it gave rise to the "gregarines." We can present the ladies who are attached to chignons with the fact that the "gregarines" will not swarm in the atmosphere of ball-rooms, for the simple reason that they will prefer to remain, with other



congenial insects, in the brains of the *savants*, from whence they got temporarily into the newspapers.

Dr. Johnson tells us that vegetable substances are much cleaner than animal, and adds with a vivacity not usual to him, that if he lived in the East he should have his several wives clothed in cotton rather than in silk. It is satisfactory to know, that the gregarines are not as bad as we have had them represented, and that instead of exhibiting the liveliness of black-beetles they can at most only display the activity of thistle-down. Of course, it is impossible for us to pronounce upon what a gregarine specially procured for the *Daily Telegraph* would be capable of doing, and we do not, therefore, dwell upon the wonders of the chignon recently published in that amazing journal. Ladies will keep to chignons until they tire of them, and to make them the occasion of sensational paragraphs is ungallant and unworthy of our contemporaries, and so far from affecting the ladies' taste in reference to chignons will but confirm it.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DECIDEDLY, the most important foreign intelligence of the week is the intimation that the long and bitter quarrel between the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary has at last been brought to a close. An Imperial rescript was read on Monday in both Houses of the Hungarian Diet, announcing, not only that the Emperor assents to the demands embodied in the Diet's address of January 17th, relative to the reorganization of the army (which, it will be recollected, the Diet required to keep in its own hands, as far as Hungary herself was concerned), but that he restores the Hungarian Constitution. This is what the Hungarians have been contending for with such singular perseverance and patience ever since the disastrous insurrection of which Kossuth was the head. But the Emperor does not simply promise amendment in the future; he confesses his errors in the past, and asks of the Diet an indemnity for the Ministry. The rescript concludes with the words:—"The Emperor desires the integrity of Hungary, and will defend her Constitution, but expects that his peoples will also defend the Throne, the Crown, and the Empire." This, it must be said, the Hungarians have never been slow to do; indeed, in bygone times, the sword of the Magyar saved the Austrian monarchy, and withstood the advances of Turkey when Turkey was more powerful than she is now. Austria has hitherto returned the devotion of Hungary with ingratitude. In 1848, she endeavoured to play the despot with the Hungarian people; and the insurrection of that and the following year—an insurrection which brought Austria to the verge of ruin, and which would probably have been successful but for the intervention of Russia—was seized on by Francis Joseph as a pretext for annulling the old Constitution of Hungary, and ruling by the mere weight of bayonets. Since 1860, several attempts have been made by the Emperor to come to an understanding with his Magyar subjects; but, though very well meant, they all failed, because they did not restore, or only partially restored, the native Constitution. The Hungarians were invited to form part of a vast Federal system of government; but they have all along declared that what they wanted, and what they would have, was their own ancient system. They have now prevailed, and the weary dispute of nearly twenty years has been terminated as it should be. It is an instance of right prevailing over might by the sheer force of quiet determination. A grand demonstration took place on Tuesday evening at the National Theatre of Pesth, at which shouts were raised of "Long live the King!" and from all parts of the country accounts are received of enthusiastic festivities held in honour of the restoration of the Constitution. The Hungarians, we believe, are in the main still loyal to the Emperor personally, whom they recognise as their legitimate King; but the King must respect, not violate, the laws. We trust that all parties will now show a conciliatory spirit, and that another of the perils of Austria has become a thing of the past.

BARON RICASOLI's haughty and most imprudent declaration in the Chamber that he had not only sanctioned the suppression of the meetings in Venetia, but that he had ordered the Prefects throughout the kingdom to repress meetings which they had any reason to think might excite disorder, and that it was for him to judge to what extent the right of meeting should be exercised, has caused great dissatisfaction among most parties, and will probably make the Prime Minister unpopular for a

long time to come. In a volcanic country like Italy, and in revolutionary days like these, it may sometimes be necessary to interfere with the right of public meeting to a greater extent than would be allowable or possible in England; but to state nakedly that no meeting shall be held except by favour of the Government, was in the highest degree irritating to all Liberal politicians. For the present, however, Ricasoli remains at the head of affairs, and Scialoja is succeeded in the department of Finance by Signor Depretis. Meanwhile, the revenue of the country falls off, and a feeling at once angry and uneasy is spreading throughout the Peninsula. The elections are to take place on the 10th of March, and the new Chamber is to meet on the 22nd. In anticipation of this appeal to the country, the President of the Council of Ministers has issued a circular to the Prefects, in which, speaking of the defeated measure with reference to the Church, he says:—"In drawing up a new Bill, the Government will take into account the verdict of public opinion on the subject. The question of the liberty of the Church is bound up with that of the ecclesiastical property. Nothing is farther from the intentions of the Ministry than the idea of rendering the bishops arbiters of the Church property, of depriving the religious institutions of every guarantee of stability, and of abandoning the inferior clergy to the power of their ecclesiastical superiors." This looks like a spirit of rational compromise; and we are not without an earnest hope that the new Chamber will effect a settlement of the question.

THE North German Parliament is to assemble at Berlin tomorrow (Sunday). Its deliberations will open an important epoch in the modern history of Germany; but they will not be quite so harmonious as the Ministers of Prussia probably desire. In Berlin, the Liberals have utterly defeated the members and supporters of the Government; and even Count Bismarck and the leading generals of the war have been rejected. In many of the other cities, the Liberals have also prevailed; but Bismarck has been returned by the provincial constituencies, and a semi-official journal says that "the result of the elections has surpassed the hopes of the Prussian Government," and that "in the old provinces the Government has a majority of nearly two-thirds of the votes." Unfortunately for the King, Count Bismarck has again become unwell. The accumulation of State affairs with which he has recently been occupied has occasioned a return of his nervous and rheumatic attacks, and he is now once more confined to his room.

It is not yet officially known in France what the new press law will be like; but a very general rumour says it will only make bad worse. We sincerely hope this may be an error. If it be true, the Emperor is playing a dangerous game.

SOME prospect of a compromise between the extreme sections of the North and South in the United States is offered by a proposal elaborated at various consultations recently held at Washington by the President, the members of the Cabinet, and the Governors of several Southern States. This proposal is to be laid by the Southern Governors before their respective Legislatures, and it embodies an amendment of the Federal Constitution, and an amendment of the Constitutions of the States in question. The suggested plan is, in the main, the same as the Constitutional Amendment already agreed to by Congress, but rejected by all the Southern States with the sole exception of Tennessee; only that it omits one article (the disfranchising clause), and adds another, reserving to the States the regulation of the suffrage. Briefly indicated, the proposed plan of reconstruction is on the following basis:—"The right to secede to be renounced; Congress to have no right to expel a State from the Union; the national debt ever to be held sacred; the rebel debt to be repudiated; all males of legal age, native or naturalized, except untaxed Indians, to be allowed to vote for the State elections, if able to read or write, or if holding taxable property valued at \$250." As this concedes most of the points for which the North has been contending, it is to be hoped that some agreement may be come to, which will save the country from the very serious agitation into which it was fast drifting. Mr. Johnson is said to have given the new scheme his cordial support; and it is at any rate hopeful to find him abandoning the somewhat dogged attitude of resistance to Congress which he assumed in his last Presidential Message. Congress, however, is still pressing him hard. Colorado, with a population less than some of our small



English towns, is to take rank as a State, in order to increase the power of the Legislature; and the House of Representatives has followed the Senate in passing, over the President's veto, the Bill admitting Nebraska as a State. The Lower House has also passed a Bill enacting that the removal of Cabinet officers shall be subject to the approval of the Senate; but the latter body has disallowed the scheme, to which we alluded last week, for establishing martial law in ten of the Southern States, and has superseded it by a plan according to which military government in the South is only to last "until the formation of State Governments, with the principle of negro suffrage, the disfranchisement of prominent rebels, and the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment." This, however, has in its turn been rejected by the House of Representatives; so that for the present there is a dead-lock.

In obedience to a resolution of the Senate, the President and Mr. Seward have laid before that body the original communication on which the Secretary of State founded his recent inquiries addressed to Mr. Motley, Minister of the United States at Vienna, the substance of which we gave in our last issue. This communication appears to have been a letter written to the President from Paris by a Mr. G. W. M'Cracken, of New York, and delivered to Mr. Johnson personally by a friend of the writer, who had returned to America. The letter bears date "Oct. 23rd, 1866," and has reference to the sayings and anti-Democratic opinions of the United States Ministers at other cities besides Vienna. The source of the writer's discontent appears to be in the fact that so many of the American foreign appointments are held by New England men. "Massachusetts," he says, "seems to monopolize a lion's share of the consulates, and Boston has no less than three first missions—Messrs. Adams, Burlingame, and Motley. Is no other part of our country to be considered worthy of notice? Must General Butler, Phillips, and Chandler, and the like, engross all the honours for their satellites?" The consul at Geneva he describes as "a common drunkard;" but it appears that it is only when he is sober that he "abuses the President in the hearing of everybody." For the sake of decency, this gentleman should always be drunk.

A SHOCKING account is given in a Nashville (United States) paper of the state of anarchy now prevailing in Tennessee and Kentucky. The Union authorities are defied, intimidated, and set at naught; bands of ruffians scour the country, assassinating all who oppose them; and it is said they have intimated to the Union men that "they shall hold no Union conventions in Obion County, to send delegates to the State Convention on the 22nd of February." In Kentucky, the negroes are being persecuted in a manner which recalls the worst days of slavery; indeed, practically, slavery is restored, the wretched blacks being whipped, maimed, forced to work against their will, and in some cases even killed. Certainly, Mr. Peabody's donation of two million dollars, for educating the youth of the South without distinction of colour, is greatly needed.

WITH the departure of the French troops from Mexico, the fortunes of the Emperor grow more and more doubtful. At an assembly of notables held in the capital on the 14th of January, Maximilian is said to have put the question, "Abdication or not?" The answer was ten votes in favour of abdication, and twenty-five against it. The Emperor therefore declared his resolution not to resign. Miramon and Mejia, by the last accounts, were marching on San Luis Potosi with 7,000 men, with orders from the Emperor to risk a battle, by the result of which his Majesty would abide. In the event of success, a National Congress would be called; in the case of failure, Maximilian would leave for Europe. We may expect, therefore, shortly to hear of something decisive.

On Tuesday, the 19th, the Lord Mayor of Dublin gave his inaugural banquet. It differed from previous affairs of the kind by the circumstance that ladies had been invited. But the most remarkable fact in connection with the Mansion House feast was the presence thereat of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, who sat between the Marchioness of Abercorn and Lady Rachel Butler. The Cardinal was the highest person in rank, next after the Lord Lieutenant, and was treated accordingly. The usual loyal toasts of "the Queen" and "the Prince of Wales" were responded to in a manner sufficient to

convince those present that the lungs of Irishmen were sound, even if the heart of the country should be thought "justifiably disaffected" in a slight degree towards the Government. His Excellency Lord Abercorn was well received. He is not, however, a good speaker, and, when returning thanks for his health, came to a temporary "dead-lock," from which the cheers of his audience kindly extricated him. He also came to grief in a different way by hinting that, "according to strict economical principles, the population of Ireland is somewhat in excess." This sentiment was received with loud and repeated cries of "No." After the Lord Lieutenant's health, and that of the Marchioness of Abercorn, came the health of the Cardinal. His Eminence, like his Excellency, is not remarkable as an orator. He speaks like an Irishman who has spent the chief part of his life abroad. But he managed, notwithstanding, to make what was decidedly "the speech" of the evening. His position was peculiar. He never attended an Irish levee, and, not having been educated in Maynooth, never, it is believed, took the oath of allegiance. Standing near her Majesty's deputy and arrayed in the foreign attire of a cardinal, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, with a happy dexterity, spoke on the leading points of the Irish "case" without offending any one, and yet without concealing his own opinions. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. W. Lane Joynt, deserves praise for his spirited violation of the old custom by which ladies were excluded from the inaugural civic feast. He deserves greater praise, perhaps, for having brought the Tory Lord Lieutenant and the Roman Catholic Cardinal together in an assembly where the heads of Irish society were present. The "lions" of society, like the lions of the menagerie—but for opposite reasons,—are best seen at feeding time.

THE very name of Fenianism seems to be a sound of terror to provincial officials. On Monday last, some person was silly and wicked enough to telegraph to the superintendent of police at Warwick that a number of suspicious-looking persons had left Paddington station by the 6.15 p.m. train for Warwick, and that Head-centre Stephens was one of the party. The local Dogberry, instead of inquiring into the authenticity of the information, at once threw himself into a posture of defence. The Mayor of the town and the officer in command of the militia were at once communicated with, and these gentlemen, too anxious for active service to question the probability of an invading army coming from London by railway, ordered the officers and sergeants of the militia staff under arms, and supplied them with ball cartridge. A number of the local volunteers were called out, and, the whole force having been placed under arms, the barrack gates were closed, and the garrison, supported by two pieces of artillery, waited for the enemy until midnight. The invasion, after all, took the peaceful form of a coursing meeting got up by a local publican.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has been delivering an oration upon Mr. Eyre with a view to the exaltation of that gentleman's character, and to publishing his peculiar notions about the negro. In the course of his speech, he spoke of the rape of the Sabines, and quoted Sir Leopold M'Clintock. He expressed a deep sympathy for "the moth which sings its innocent wings in the flame of a candle;" but the negro is, when roused, beyond the pale of humanity. General Sir William Gomm followed. General Sir William Gomm merely seconded the resolution—"That the steps taken by the Executive Committee for the defence of Mr. Eyre from proceedings civil and criminal are approved and adopted by the general committee." Sir Roderick Murchison attested the amiability of Mr. Eyre's disposition by an anecdote read from a letter. How does this bear upon the issue, which is not whether women, if carried off by negroes, would afterwards run between the bayonets of contending claimants or not, or whether Mr. Eyre when at home does or does not flog, hang, or shoot little boys and girls, but whether there has been such a violation of law in Jamaica as would call for a public prosecution of the Governor in England. For our parts, we do not go warmly with either side. Mr. Eyre is not worth the pother, and the principle might be more efficiently asserted by a mode of procedure less calculated to provoke a reaction in his favour. If he is preserved from his conscientious enemies, Mr. Eyre will find some difficulty in saving himself from his over-heated friends.

THE Recorder of London has introduced a Bill into the House of Commons which, if passed, seems likely to exercise a



most beneficial influence upon the administration of the criminal law. In any case where the grand jury has ignored a bill of indictment, or where the accused has, upon a bill found, been acquitted, and the court shall be of opinion that the bill was preferred without reasonable cause, it may, if it thinks fit, order the prosecutor to pay the costs incurred by the accused. As long as prosecutions are permitted to remain the stock-in-trade of those persons calling themselves attorneys or agents who infest the criminal courts of the metropolis, some provision of the sort is absolutely necessary. A better remedy, however, would be the removal of prosecutions altogether out of the hands of private persons.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE has taken upon himself the redress of the grievances of those ladies who honour the House of Commons with their presence, and are almost suffocated from the bad ventilation of their gallery. It would appear that Mr. Osborne's fair clients require freedom quite as much as they do fresh air, and object to the state of confinement to which the brass rails in front of their cage reduces them. Lord John Manners promises improvements, but regards the removal of the brass railings as a subject too grave and delicate for an immediate answer.

THE facility with which stolen property, when it takes the form of jewellery, can be parted with, was well illustrated in the trial of a prisoner at the last Middlesex sessions. As very frequently happens, the thief was a female servant. She had stolen three diamond studs, worth £60, and a locket-watch, worth £19. The studs she disposed of to a jeweller for £13.10s., and the watch for £5. We are not told what became of the diamonds, but the history of the watch is by no means uninteresting. The jeweller sold it for £10; the next buyer gave £13 for it; and the last purchaser £15. The matter was placed in the hands of the county solicitor, and, if he can only secure to the receiver who profits, the same punishment as is inflicted upon the thief who steals, the result will be gratifying.

THE Vestry of Marylebone wishes to be exempted from such of the provisions of Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Bill for the better provision for the poor of London as may affect the principle of local self-government in their case. For other parishes the Bill is good enough; but Marylebone has been a model parish in its treatment of the poor, and claims special consideration. We fear that this pretension is a proof that the vestry think less of the poor than of themselves, and our suspicion is strengthened by the fact that one of their chief objections to the Bill is that it proposes to support the sick poor by a rate which shall be uniform throughout the metropolis.

THE Home Secretary, shortly after the occurrence of the late colliery explosions, directed the inspectors of mines to meet and see if they could make any suggestions that would be of use in the further investigations of the Select Committee which was appointed last year, but did not complete its inquiry. Until that Committee makes its report, it is uncertain what steps the Government may take in order to secure the more efficient inspection of collieries and their workings.

LORD JOHN MANNERS has announced the intention of the Government to decrease the depth of the water in the Regent's Park to about four feet, but is not as yet able to state what will be done with regard to the lakes and streams in the other parks. They will probably remain as they are till some dreadful catastrophe shall have made them ripe for alteration.

THE Easter Volunteer Review is just now the subject of a spirited struggle between Dover and Brighton, and such of the railway companies as are interested in the choice of the field. The whole matter has been referred to a committee, who are to report the site which they consider most eligible. Whatever locality may be selected, it is hoped that the officers with whom the choice rests will take care that the railway arrangements are not so hopelessly defective as they were last year, when, on the return journey, the Volunteers were detained many hours beyond the appointed time.

MISS RYE tells us that she has shipped a cargo of emigrants to Australia, consisting of ninety-nine girls, and out of the lot

only three were pronounced "persons of bad character." She very sensibly says that, on the next occasion, she will publish the names of those who furnish her with false reports; and, considering how easily a taint spreads in a flock, Miss Rye is correct in using every means in order to keep her emigrants intact.

THE Princess of Wales gave birth to a girl on Wednesday morning, and mother and child, we are glad to say, are doing well. Why do the bulletins persist in calling the latter a princess?

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE Professorship of Greek has been the chief subject of discussion in Cambridge for some days past, that is, among the older members of the University, such as can look upon professors as other than their natural enemies, and can spare a few lucid intervals from contemplating the prospects of the University boat and the state of the ground at Fenner's. The public trial to which candidates for the professorship are called upon to subject themselves, came off on the Friday and Saturday of last week, and attracted on each day a considerable number of graduates and a fair number of undergraduates too. Of the latter class Dr. Kennedy naturally brought a good many to hear him, for some of his latest pupils are now in the University, and went to swell their old master's audience. His "prælection" is understood to have been clever, so far as the criticisms of various doubtful and difficult passages were concerned; the learned doctor wandered, however, somewhat wantonly from *Æschylus* to *Sophocles*—the subject being the *Prometheus Vinculus*—and from *Sophocles* to *Æschylus* again, giving emendations and explanations which he informed his audience he had put in print many years ago, although, strange to say, the latest editors have made no use of his valuable suggestions. He professed, in conclusion, very unbounded love and reverence for the University, which could not be increased even by the gift of the distinguished honour he sought, and would not be diminished though the honour were withheld. Mr. Shilleto, in concluding his prælection, remarked very prettily, in allusion to the curious fact that all the four candidates had been *Shrewsbury masters* or *Shrewsbury boys*, that on whomsoever the crown of this prize might fall, it could not but be a *Sabrinæ Corolla*. Mr. Cope's Essay on the Ethics of Aristotle was of a most interesting character, and most of his hearers probably much regretted that time did not allow him to finish it. Whether there were to be found at the end of his MS. a few neat sentences containing the wonted vows of love and service and the devotion of a lifetime, with which it is conventionally proper to accompany an offer of oneself for such a position, history cannot relate, for the lecture came to an untimely end, *à propos* of nothing save St. Mary's chimera. Mr. Holmes, the deputy public orator, a very young man to be a candidate for the chair, was deprived, by the length of Mr. Cope's prælection, of a considerable portion of his allotted time from two to three o'clock, and on a fine day very few men can be persuaded to remain at a lecture or meeting of any kind at the expense of their accustomed out-door exercise.

Trial being thus made of the candidates, the electoral body—the sixteen of the Council, with an additional unit, the Vice-Chancellor for the time being—were to proceed to the election on Monday. An election, however, they were unable to achieve. One of the four heads of houses who have a seat on the Council was indisposed, and therefore there were sixteen instead of seventeen present, and of these eight voted for Dr. Kennedy, and eight for Mr. Cope. A second scrutiny, and a third, made no change in the relative numbers. The eight members from the two great colleges are said to have been equally divided, the four from each voting for the candidate of their own college, and the remaining eight of the outside world divided with a like exactness. Who tells all this? is a question which naturally occurs to the mind of any one who is accustomed to receive submissively the results arrived at by grave deliberative assemblies, without any chance of learning how the details of the matter have gone. The Council does not affect secrecy, and their proceedings do not require to "ooze out," but make themselves public with proper promptness and fulness. By statute, the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of Trinity elect the Regius Professor, in case the Council cannot agree; but this resource again was vain, inasmuch as one voted for Dr. Kennedy and the other for Mr. Cope. The matter, therefore, is referred to the Chancellor, and the Duke of Devonshire must decide which of the two shall be Canon of Ely and Greek Professor. Speculation runs high as to his determination, the



one party thinking that private efforts and college feeling may make Mr. Cope's the winning scale, the other believing that in a matter of public interest the Chancellor may be biased by the general reputation of the candidates, and of course the late head master of Shrewsbury is a man better known in the world than the classical lecturer of Trinity, though Mr. Cope need yield to no one in actual fitness for the position, and gave proof last week of lecturing powers of a high order. The fact that this is written within the proverbial "nine days," must be the excuse for the Greek chair occupying so large a portion of the allotted space in these columns.

The University boat goes through its practice now at an hour which deprives the majority of the world of all chance of witnessing its progress, one of the crew being in for the Classical Tripos. There does not seem to have been any official declaration on the part of our captain as to the condition of the Oxford boat, although he went down last week to spy out the land, and is understood to have spied to some purpose. The ignorant world here hopes that the changes and renewed changes in the adversary's crew look well for us, and argue some dissatisfaction or incompleteness somewhere. Our own is a very fair average crew, and may turn out tough antagonists, even for a rival that has got by long practice a disagreeable knack of winning its races. It is to be hoped that this year no barge will bear across the course, and prove unkind to the light blue flag; care must be taken also to have eight men at the oars of whom more than seven can last over the course, for in 1866 men say that only six of the crew gave proof of that very necessary power. The river presents a gay spectacle at present, owing to the number of boats practising for the second-division races, which commence on the 5th of next March.

The new debating-room of the Union has infused fresh life into the debates, and the possibility of accommodating ladies in the gallery is a great advantage. The presence of a coloured audience in one particular portion of the gallery will no doubt incite the ingenuous youth to greater care and higher flights of oratory, if the two be compatible, as some would say they are not. At any rate, there will probably be greater care in the preparation of material for the speeches, and the unfailing inspiration of the presence of ladies will have its effect upon the manner of their delivery. If in oratory on the one hand, or fullness of matter on the other, we do not quite reach the standard of the House of Commons, we have the consolation at least that we do not condemn the ladies who desire to grace our debates to a difficult seat in the ventilator of the house. The proposition to open the Union at an earlier hour on Sundays has been once more brought forward and once more rejected; this time there was a clear majority of 31 in its favour, out of 453 voters, but the rules require a majority of three-fourths, so the motion was hopelessly lost. The bearing of the proposed change would be as follows:—At present the rooms are open at 3 p.m., by which time men have been to college chapel, have breakfasted, walked, lunched, attended or not attended the sermon at the University church, and have arrived at a state of high appetite for periodical literature or weekly letter-writing. It was proposed to open the rooms at 12.30, closing again for an hour at 2 p.m., out of deference to the University sermon then going on. As a matter of fact, this time does hang rather heavy on men's hands, if they are men who cannot or do not care to take long walks in the country, and a comfortable place of refuge would probably be a great boon to all of the 242 who voted for the proposition. This is a standing question, renewed year after year for many years past, something like the sister question of having a smoking-room in the old premises, now happily set at rest in the new. Another motion which recently met with the same fate, proposed that Mr. Swinburne's poems should be struck off the list of books recommended for purchase by the library committee. This was negatived by a large majority at a private business meeting. Discussions of this kind on the merits of books proposed for purchase are very generally amusing, and it is a good sign that opposition should be in this way raised; at the same time, it is wise to be broad and liberal in the selection of books for such a class of readers, and men here, learning to face the world, ought to be able to read Mr. Swinburne's effusions without much harm.

The new regulations respecting the B.A. degree will come into operation this year, and the members of the Board of Legal Studies have discovered that their particular branch is more heavily weighted than the other four special branches of study to which men may now devote themselves in order to earn their degree. They propose, therefore, to cut down the amount now required, in order to attract more students, holding that "the study of the elementary

principles of law will be very useful to many students in the University." They propose, at the same time, that some step should be taken towards persuading the Inns of Court to accept our Honour examination in law, in lieu of that which the Inns conduct for themselves. This last would be a step in a very wise direction, for the more we can ally ourselves by such ties with the business of the world, and the more we can keep men among us while they are actually and specially preparing for their several kinds of work in life, the better we shall be performing our difficult functions. The other step, that of lightening the legal burthen now laid upon men's shoulders, may be relatively wise, but, viewing it absolutely, it seems a pity to cut down by ever so little our very limited requirements for a pass in any branch of study.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

(FIRST NOTICE.)

AN annual exhibition of pictorial art soon proves itself either a complete failure or a decided success. It can hardly take a middle position. We could point out a dozen such schemes which, set on foot some years ago, have been since either completely abandoned or exist only as a means of providing a periodical asylum for the hopeless mediocrity which is refused elsewhere. We need scarcely add that the reverse of this fate has obtained in the case of the admirable collection of works displayed on the walls of the Dudley Gallery. Established only three years ago, this exhibition bids fair to rival, if not to surpass in interest, those which the "Society" and the "Institute" of water-colour painters respectively offer to the public in Pall-mall. Indeed, so far as the interests of the public are concerned, the "General Exhibition" possesses a decided advantage over the two which we have just named. Being only under the direction of a managing committee, who have no wish to incorporate themselves as a "Society" to the exclusion of other artists, it is free to accept or reject works on the score of their artistic merit alone. It is not compelled to burden itself with trash for the sake of a member's pocket. It is ready to welcome talent from whatever quarter it may appear, without respect for names, or party spirit. At least that was the principle in view when the General Exhibition was first organized, and that, we trust, is the principle which will continue to be maintained. Every year marks its steady progress. The display of last year was an improvement on that of 1865. The present exhibition is superior to both its predecessors. In our notice of its contents, we shall, as a rule, follow the order of the catalogue, departing from that order only when convenience or accident may require.

No. 18 is the study of a woman's head, by Mr. Alfred Nassam, rich in colour, and, in some respects, ably drawn, but lacking that refinement of touch and hue which distinguishes the best modern works of this class. The lady is of doubtful nationality, but the Japanese fire-screen which she holds in her hand leads one to the somewhat paradoxical conclusion that she must be English. Mr. Brewer's "Interior of an Ancient Synagogue at Worms" (20) is a good example of this rising artist's skill in the treatment of architectural subjects. It is admirably drawn, and though necessarily low in tone, is delicately and faithfully tinted. These qualities, however, are likely to escape attention owing to the great height at which the drawing is unfortunately hung. Passing over a broadly painted unconventional landscape, "Near Arundel" (22), by Mr. Albert Goodwin, and some clever portraiture of Scotch moorland and grey rock by Mr. Harper, we come to a very remarkable study, "On the Thames" (26), by Mr. Charles Livett, which boldly and successfully defies the traditional notions of composition in vogue during the early part of this century, and hardly banished from all our studios at the present day. The leading features of this scene might be correctly indicated by a few horizontal and perfectly parallel lines. We have an unbroken foreground, a middle distance, and horizon scarcely deviating in motive, and only relieved from monotony by a few poplars and young elms which cover them at right angles. For colour, two shades of green, two shades of bluish grey, and a little white. Yet with this simple theme, and with these simple materials, Mr. Livett has produced a picture which is eminently attractive, and in which it is easy to recognise the hand of a real artist.

We have often observed in Mr. Raymond Tucker's work a strong tendency to seek the same class of subjects with which Mr. Hook's name has become identified. But this year the imitation is so extraordinary, and we must add so successful, that it calls for special notice. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the water-colour painter has not in some respects the advantage of the Royal Academician. Mr. Hook's palette is all that the closest observer of nature could wish; but his touch of late years has become careless and indifferent to detail. Mr. Tucker, perhaps, errs a little in the opposite direction; but it will be easier for him by-and-by to generalize than for Mr. Hook to return to an accuracy which the power of his brush has taught him to forget. The "Frial Trip" (27) and "Herring Fishing" (167) are both superior to anything we have yet seen from Mr. Tucker's hand.



For skill and refinement of execution, sense of chromatic harmony, and delicate perception of rustic grace, there is nothing of its kind in the room more attractive than Mr. Edward Poynter's study of "Housetops after Rain, Lynmouth" (36). A few low cottage roofs covered with grey slate, or lichen-thatched, crowned here and there with little stunted chimneys of red brick, from which the thin blue smoke is lazily creeping out, and surrounded by a mass of autumn foliage, above which we get a peep of the sea and lowering rain-clouds—such are the homely materials with which Mr. Poynter has produced a most interesting and successful little picture.

We regret to find a clever and effective study of a "Burnt Mill by Moonlight" (46), the work of Miss Seymour, hung at a height where no one can judge of its merits. It is, of course, impossible that every exhibitor can be allowed a place on "the line;" but while any of the screens remain half occupied, it would surely be advisable to fill them before hoisting drawings ten or twelve feet from the ground.

Mr. A. B. Donaldson's work now and then suggests the conviction that his aim is considerably beyond his power. Among four pictures which he sends to the Dudley Gallery this year, that of the "Entertainment in a Roman Cardinal's Villa" (49) is the least successful. The taste which Mr. Donaldson shows in the choice and apposition of his colours is marred by the heavy ungrated appearance which he allows it to assume. In his desire to paint solidly he paints coarsely, and he seems too indifferent to the mechanic and chemistry of his art to ascertain what will be the ultimate effect of certain pigments in combination. The result of this is unfortunately seen in the group of figures to the left of this picture, which are inextricably messed together—the figure of the slave-boy, especially, being painted and nothing more. The drapery of the principal seated figure, too, is far from satisfactory, even in the drawing of its folds. Mr. Donaldson's well-known ability and academical successes make us regret that he has not done himself more justice in this work.

The name of Field Talfourd has been so long and honourably associated with portraiture in the world of art that, except to those who remember his sketches of Italian scenery, the landscape studies which he sends this year to the Dudley Gallery will be a matter of surprise. Nothing can be simpler than his choice of subjects. Nothing, we might almost add, more vigorous and masterly than the manner in which they are treated. The "Ferry on the Clwyd" (55), and "Twilight" (78), and a "Coast Scene" (215), are the first on our list, and exhibit in no small degree the facility of which his hand is capable in rendering with true artistic feeling the poetical abstractions of natural effect.

"Summer Time" (56), by L. C. Livett, appears to have been painted by the same Thames bank which supplied him with a subject for his other landscape to which we have already alluded. "Summer Time" is, however, on a larger scale. Two lofty poplars occupy the principal part of the picture, and are relieved against a deep blue sky, barred with Titianesque-looking clouds, while a girl is punting down the river in a flat-bottomed boat. The whole is very broadly and cleverly handled.

The "Last Rose of Summer" (48) is a large and carefully-painted figure-piece of the "pretty" school, which, we have no doubt, will find great favour with amateurs whose romantic sentiments exceed their artistic education. It represents a young lady of surpassing loveliness languishing in a garden after a fashion in which no young lady ever could, or would, languish, except with the idea that she was standing for her portrait. Seriously, it is difficult to conceive the object of such a picture as this. Judged by the light of nature, it utterly belies the probabilities of real life, and yet the whole character of the work removes it far from the dignity of idealism.

Of a far different order is Mr. Mark's "Jack o' Lantern" (63), a sturdy old artisan, of the sixteenth century, polishing up some lamps for use, and pausing to look at his work with an expression half earnest, half comical. There is more of real pathos and interest in this scene than in many which are chosen for illustration with a higher aim. It is admirably composed and painted.

"The Bawzaréah, near Algiers" (61), and "Tomb of a Marabout," at the same place (83), are two large subjects, treated with much scenic cleverness, by Mr. Arthur Severn. But they require more finish for their size, and they are seen to disadvantage without a white paper mount between the drawing and the frame.

"The Pasha's Widow" (79) is well worth notice as the work of a lady—Madame Spartali—whose artistic taste has evidently been educated far beyond the pursuit of a mere accomplishment. There are portions of this drawing which exhibit great promise of future success, and though the flesh-tones of the figure want refinement, the light drapery and other accessories are painted in with no ordinary skill.

"My Lady" (85) is a lamentable result of the absurd affectation which induces some humble followers of the quasi-medieval school to imitate the eccentricities without being able to approach the skill of those artists who adopt that type of idealism. Because Mr. Simon Solomon finds pleasure in depicting red hair (and that there are some beautiful shades of it we freely admit), "My Lady's" locks must also be dyed of the fashionable tint, and she must wear a necklace of the same hue—and apparently of the same material—round her throat. Because Mr. Burne Jones chooses to refine and abstract, until the features, generally beautiful, of the angel or the goddess whom he has represented, are just faintly indicated on his paper, "My Lady" must be portrayed as a corpse, with ghastly-coloured lips and features which disclaim all relation to the contour of the face to which they belong. This is not real art; nor will

"My Lady's" peculiar dress (of what period, goodness knows), nor Herrick's verses quaintly scored beneath, make it art. It is monstrous and morbid affectation.

## MUSIC.

MADAME SCHUMANN continues, by her repeated performances, to maintain that special position, as an intellectual interpreter of the highest order of pianoforte music, which she has always held in the estimation of those who are capable of a right judgment on the subject. There are many points in musical, as in other criticism, that must be subject to differences of opinion and varieties of taste even under the supposition of equality of knowledge; but the question whether Madame Schumann is a great pianist is simply one of fact, and those critics (and there are a limited few) who deny it, will scarcely gain credit for anything but prejudice or eccentricity by such an opinion. In spite of exceptional snarls, Madame Schumann has now obtained that recognition by the English public to which her great merits, executive and intellectual, entitle her; and it is not in the power of either ignorance or ill nature to write her down. Madame Schumann's performance and reception at the last Monday Popular Concert afforded sufficient justification of the opinion which we have always expressed of this great artist—her playing of three solo pieces by Robert Schumann having exemplified almost every great quality of pianoforte playing. In the graceful and melodious "Arabesque" her touch was light, elastic, and playful; the movements from the "Kreisleriana" were given with a masculine energy and vigour, without effort or coarseness, that could not have been surpassed by any pianist of any period; and the same may be said of the extract (No. 2) from the "Novelletten," a piece involving some of the greatest difficulties of bravura playing. Each of these performances was a triumph of executive and intellectual art, and was evidently so considered by the crowded audience of St. James's Hall. A further proof of the high intellectual merit of Madame Schumann's playing was afforded by her performance, jointly with Herr Joachim, of Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 96), for piano and violin; a work as difficult to render effective with a large audience, as the same composer's concerto in the same key. In this piece the two executants won equal honour—the playing on both sides being of the very highest order. The violin quartet by Robert Schumann, given on this occasion (No. 2 in F, from Op. 41), contains much that is admirable and interesting; together with, as usual in Schumann's larger works, much that is crude, dry, and laboured. The first movement, the most complete and sustained in its development, would alone suffice to place Schumann far above the herd of average composers; indeed, were the other portions of the quartet equal to this, the work might be ranked not far below the productions of the greatest masters; but Schumann's longer works are too often marred by inequalities and incompleteness,—and, with the exception of the vigorous scherzo, the remainder of the quartet is rendered tedious by occasional passages of dulness and obscurity. As we have remarked on previous occasions, Schumann's powers are best and most perfectly exhibited in his smaller pieces—his pianoforte music and his songs, which are full of genius and poetical feeling. At the Crystal Palace Concert of this day (Saturday) Madame Schumann is announced to play Beethoven's E flat concerto.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

"The Jealous Wife," with Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, has been revived at Drury Lane this week, and next week "The Merchant of Venice" will take its place. "Rob Roy" is to be the next important revival at this theatre, and at Easter a new sensational drama by Mr. Andrew Halliday will be produced. Negotiations are pending with Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas), and if she should be engaged for the autumn, "Antony and Cleopatra" will be put upon the stage.

The sale of St. Martin's Hall for a theatre only awaits the formal consent of the Mercers' Company, who are the ground landlords, and that consent, it is understood, will be given. By next October the Hall will doubtless be converted into one of the most elegant theatres in London.

A very weak and confused farce, called "An Atrocious Criminal," has been produced this week at the Olympic. It is of German origin, and the chief character is played by Mr. John Clayton.

Mr. Walpole, in answer to a question by Mr. O'Beirne, stated this week in the House of Commons that he would lose no time in bringing in a Bill to amend the present laws affecting theatres and places of public amusement in England.

## SCIENCE.

[We print the following letter in connection with the "Science" of this week, and append our contributor's reply to it. The *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* addressed themselves to the subject some time ago, impugning our contributor's ability to substantiate a specific charge against the old brain anatomists. It is not with the intention of entering into a controversy with either of our contemporaries that the matter is now revived, but simply in order that any of our readers who may have noticed the paragraphs



referred to, should be in a position to judge for themselves as to the side to which the balance of truth inclines.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Although a writer in a literary journal can hardly be supposed to possess any extensive familiarity with scientific facts, and is therefore, to a certain extent, irresponsible for many mistakes in treating of matters with which he is unacquainted, it behoves him to be at least guarded in publishing serious assertions. I am led to this remark by observing a very egregious blunder made by your "Science" contributor in your last issue. In a paragraph devoted to an advocacy of the claims of phrenology—an hypothesis which I may, *en passant*, remark is now regarded as exploded—the writer, with more zeal than accuracy, commits himself in these three ways: he slanders the medical profession; makes a most unjust attack on one of its most distinguished members, and brings your scientific department into disrepute by an assertion whose audacity is only equalled by its untruthfulness. Even, sir, if your pages were the place for such a discussion, the profession, I fancy, needs no defence from so wildly furious an onslaught as that of your contributor. I shall pass, therefore, to the second and third points I have referred to, and deal firstly with the third. The paragraph to which I would particularly direct your attention is the following:—

"When Gall commenced his researches on the brain, nothing was known of its structure. So absolutely nothing, indeed, that its 'anatomy was demonstrated,' as the phrase goes, by the teachers of the day, by cutting it up into slices, without any attempt to trace the anatomical connection of its parts, because undiscovered and unknown."

The merest tyro in the study of anatomy could have told your contributor how erroneous the above statement is; but since the general reader may not be aware how far the writer has deviated from truth, I beg to give you a few of the names of those "grand old" anatomists who explored the structure of the brain long before the time (1806) of Gall's inquiries. In the first place, however, allow me to observe that no *savant* of the present day denies the vast importance of the researches of Gall and Spurzheim, but let me add also that the labours of these anatomists tended rather to improve methods of study and to indicate modes of tracing cerebral fibres than to discover new points of general structure. It would be impossible within any ordinary limits of space to give you a list of all those who have "worked out" the arrangement of the parts constituting the brain, but I will mention a few of the more important, beginning with the celebrated James Dubois, who, in 1550, described the "fissure" which bears his Latinized name, and coming up to the middle of the last century (fifty years before Gall's time), when the general structure of the brain may be said to have been fully investigated. These are as follows:—Arantius (A.D. 1587), who first described the *hippocampus*; Constant Varolius, author of "*De Resolutione Corporis Humani*," which was published, after his death, in 1591, and who was one of the first to dissect the brain along its fibres in the way afterwards improved on by Viussens and, subsequently, in this century, by Gall and Spurzheim; Malpighi, the father of microscopic anatomy, author of "*Exercitatio Epistolica de Cerebro*," in 1664; our celebrated countryman, T. Willis, author of "*Cerebri Anatomie Nervorumque Descriptio et Usus in Opera Omnia*," 1682; Raymond Viussens, author of the "*Neurographia Universalis*," in 1685; and Peter Tarin, author of "*Adversaria Anatomica*," in 1750.

If your contributor will consult the works of any of these great masters, I have no doubt he will confess his temerity in asserting that the structure of the brain was unknown till the phrenological theorists came upon the scene. I shall pass on, therefore, to the next point. Your contributor launches out in a violent diatribe against Dr. Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, whom he accuses of exhibiting bad taste of placing himself in a ridiculous position, and of having done nothing to distinguish himself beyond his own locality. Dr. Thompson can, no doubt, defend himself from charges which display as much ignorance as malice, but in the mean time I may mention that his only exhibition of bad taste consisted in the expression of an opinion adverse to phrenology—in which, I believe, nearly all scientific men agree with him; and that so far from having done nothing to distinguish himself, his name is known wherever physiological anatomy is studied, and that he is the author of some of the most important memoirs which have yet been published upon the difficult question of "development."

Trusting that these remarks may convince your contributor of the false position in which he has placed your journal, I would in conclusion ask your readers, on whom the charges of being ridiculous, and of displaying bad taste, now lie, and

Remain, Sir,  
G. G.

Feb. 6.

WE regard it as the duty of every man to defend the just claims of the illustrious dead against the petty nibblings of self-sufficient critics who presume to pronounce judgment on subjects of which they know nothing. In some observations we have recently made in pursuance of this duty, we appear, if we may judge by their language, greatly to have disturbed the equanimity of some of our medical contemporaries. One of these, a feeble member of the body, under the captivating heading of "Science and Sciolism," belabours us as follows:—"Ignorance displayed"—"insulting animus"—"puerilities of the writer," &c., and accuses us of hiding something, we know not what. Another follows suit with—"liable to occasional hallucinations"—"as ridiculous as to allege that the LONDON REVIEW's science contributor ought to be elected to the fellowship of the Royal Society"—"canards which mislead the public," &c.; whilst under the signature "G. G." an amiable but somewhat stolid philosophical gentleman, full of anxiety for the reputation of the science department of the REVIEW and who kindly volunteers to instruct "your contributor," tells him that he "displays as much ignorance as malice,"

and that his "audacity is only equalled by his untruthfulness." Now we are far from complaining of this. On the contrary, we are infinitely amused to see the activity displayed by our friends in culling these flowers of rhetoric for the decoration of a fool's cap which we foresee will settle on their own heads, but we confess to having been surprised at the curious coincidence of three individuals simultaneously developing symptoms of rabies, and making "so wildly furious an onslaught" on such wholly inadequate grounds. We were not the attacking party, and this makes the excitement of these three Messieurs—if, indeed, there are three, and it be not a case of "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—the more extraordinary and unaccountable.

Whether we were justified in saying "When Gall commenced his researches on the brain, nothing was known of its structure. So absolutely nothing, indeed, that its anatomy was 'demonstrated,' as the phrase goes, by the teachers of the day, by cutting it up into slices, without any attempt to trace the anatomical connection of its parts, because undiscovered and unknown," depends upon the knowledge possessed by anatomists of the structure of the brain at the advent of Gall; and with an intimate acquaintance with what this knowledge amounted to, we have no hesitation in saying that it would be difficult to name a proposition on which we would more readily join issue. Gall himself justly observes: "*Les écrits de mes adversaires sera toujours pour moi la plus précieuse garantie, combien dans ce temps-là les connaissances anatomiques et physiologiques du système nerveux étaient encore arriérées, et combien la science me doit à cet égard.*" The task of our medical friends was, therefore, not merely obvious, but simple; they should have defined, at least in outline, what the knowledge of the structure of the brain before the time of Gall really amounted to—in short, *proved* our ignorance instead of merely *asserting* it. To have done this, however, would have been to abandon the safe ground of vague declamation, besides entailing the inconvenience of requiring some knowledge of the subject, now deemed a superfluity by many critics, who find it easier to get into a lion's skin, roar lustily, and trust to the want of zoological discrimination in the spectators to escape detection.

We said, "so absolutely nothing, that its anatomy was demonstrated by cutting it up into slices." Our critics do not, and cannot, impugn this statement, and we then employed it, and still regard it, as virtually including all we were contending for. Let us suppose the trunk of the body cut up into sections, and the various appearances presented, christened with fanciful names founded on purely mechanical ideas, the character, connection, and relationships of the various systems—vascular, digestive, nervous, and muscular—being entirely overlooked, and we shall have a parallel to the condition of our knowledge of the structure of the brain, when Gall entered the field.\* According to our view, the knowledge of the anatomy of a part includes the knowledge of its commencement, course, and termination, and its connection and relationship with other parts, and goes somewhat beyond the vague notions of structure obtained by the carver who cuts up a leg of mutton. However, we will fortify our own authority on this point by a quotation from one of the most esteemed works on the brain the English language possesses. Mr. Solly (then Senior Assistant-Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, and Lecturer on Clinical Surgery) observes in his preface, "It is unfortunate indeed that candidates for this honourable certificate (the medical diploma) are still very generally required to describe the appearances presented by the brain dissected, or rather destroyed, by the old method of slicing; a method most unphilosophical in its conception, and totally inadequate to impart any real information in regard to the structure of the organ. . . . It is sad to reflect that medical students on whom the duty devolves of tracing the relations which exist between the structure of organs and their functional manifestations, with a view to the successful treatment of disease, should thus neglect the most important part of the whole organism."

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Of a far different order is Mr. Mark's "Jack o' Lantern" (63), a sturdy old artisan, of the sixteenth century, polishing up some lamps for use, and pausing to look at his work with an expression half earnest, half comical. There is more of real pathos and interest in this scene than in many which are chosen for illustration with a higher aim. It is admirably composed and painted.

"The Bawzarrah, near Algiers" (61), and "Tomb of a Marabout," at the same place (83), are two large subjects, treated with much scenic cleverness, by Mr. Arthur Severn. But they require more finish for their size, and they are seen to disadvantage without a white paper mount between the drawing and the frame.

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"My Lady's" peculiar dress (of what period, goodness knows), nor Herrick's verses quaintly scored beneath, make it art. It is monstrous and morbid affectation.

## MUSIC.

MADAME SCHUMANN continues, by her repeated performances, to maintain that special position, as an intellectual interpreter of the highest order of pianoforte music, which she has always held in the estimation of those who are capable of a right judgment on the subject. There are many points in musical, as in other criticism, that must be subject to differences of opinion and varieties of taste even under the supposition of equality of knowledge; but the question whether Madame Schumann is a great pianist is simply one of fact, and those critics (and there are a limited few) who deny it, will scarcely gain credit for anything but prejudice or eccentricity by such an opinion. In spite of exceptional snarls, Madame Schumann has now obtained that recognition by the English public to which her great merits, executive and intellectual, entitle her; and it is not in the power of either ignorance or ill nature to write her down. Madame Schumann's performance and reception at the last Monday Popular Concert afforded sufficient justification of the opinion which we have always expressed of this great artist—her playing of three solo pieces by Robert Schumann having exemplified almost every great quality of pianoforte playing. In the graceful and melodious "Arabesque" her touch was light, elastic, and playful; the movements from the "Kreisleriana" were given with a masculine energy and vigour, without effort or coarseness, that could not have been surpassed by any pianist of any period; and the same may be said of the extract (No. 2) from the "Novelletten," a piece involving some of the greatest difficulties of bravura playing. Each of these performances was a triumph of executive and intellectual art, and was evidently so considered by the crowded audience of St. James's Hall. A further proof of the high intellectual merit of Madame Schumann's playing was afforded by her performance, jointly with Herr Joachim, of Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 96), for piano and violin; a work as difficult to render effective with a large audience, as the same composer's concerto in the same key. In this piece the two executants won equal honour—the playing on both sides being of the very highest order. The violin quartet by Robert Schumann, given on this occasion (No. 2 in F, from Op. 41), contains much that is admirable and interesting; together with, as usual in Schumann's larger works, much that is crude, dry, and laboured. The first movement, the most complete and sustained in its development, would alone suffice to place Schumann far above the herd of average composers; indeed, were the other portions of the quartet equal to this, the work might be ranked not far below the productions of the greatest masters; but Schumann's longer works are too often marred by inequalities and incompleteness,—and, with the exception of the vigorous scherzo, the remainder of the quartet is rendered tedious by occasional passages of dulness and obscurity. As we have remarked on previous occasions, Schumann's powers are best and most perfectly exhibited in his smaller pieces—his pianoforte music and his songs, which are full of genius and poetical feeling. At the Crystal Palace Concert of this day (Saturday) Madame Schumann is announced to play Beethoven's E flat concerto.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

"The Jealous Wife," with Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, has been revived at Drury Lane this week, and next week "The Merchant of Venice" will take its place. "Rob Roy" is to be the next important revival at this theatre, and at Easter a new sensational drama by Mr. Andrew Halliday will be produced. Negotiations are pending with Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas), and if she should be engaged for the autumn, "Antony and Cleopatra" will be put upon the stage.

The sale of St. Martin's Hall for a theatre only awaits the formal consent of the Mercers' Company, who are the ground landlords, and that consent, it is understood, will be given. By next October the Hall will doubtless be converted into one of the most elegant theatres in London.

A very weak and confused farce, called "An Atrocious Criminal," has been produced this week at the Olympic. It is of German origin, and the chief character is played by Mr. John Clayton.

Mr. Walpole, in answer to a question by Mr. O'Beirne, stated this week in the House of Commons that he would lose no time in bringing in a Bill to amend the present laws affecting theatres and places of public amusement in England.

## SCIENCE.

[We print the following letter in connection with the "Science" of this week, and append our contributor's reply to it. The *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* addressed themselves to the subject some time ago, impugning our contributor's ability to substantiate a specific charge against the old brain anatomists. It is not with the intention of entering into a controversy with either of our contemporaries that the matter is now revived, but simply in order that any of our readers who may have noticed the paragraphs



referred to, should be in a position to judge for themselves as to the side to which the balance of truth inclines.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Although a writer in a literary journal can hardly be supposed to possess any extensive familiarity with scientific facts, and is therefore, to a certain extent, irresponsible for many mistakes in treating of matters with which he is unacquainted, it behoves him to be at least guarded in publishing serious assertions. I am led to this remark by observing a very egregious blunder made by your "Science" contributor in your last issue. In a paragraph devoted to an advocacy of the claims of phrenology—an hypothesis which I may, *en passant*, remark is now regarded as exploded—the writer, with more zeal than accuracy, commits himself in these three ways: he slanders the medical profession; makes a most unjust attack on one of its most distinguished members, and brings your scientific department into disrepute by an assertion whose audacity is only equalled by its untruthfulness. Even, sir, if your pages were the place for such a discussion, the profession, I fancy, needs no defence from so wildly furious an onslaught as that of your contributor. I shall pass, therefore, to the second and third points I have referred to, and deal firstly with the third. The paragraph to which I would particularly direct your attention is the following:—

"When Gall commenced his researches on the brain, nothing was known of its structure. So absolutely nothing, indeed, that its anatomy was demonstrated," as the phrase goes, by the teachers of the day, by cutting it up into slices, without any attempt to trace the anatomical connection of its parts, because undiscovered and unknown."

The merest tyro in the study of anatomy could have told your contributor how erroneous the above statement is; but since the general reader may not be aware how far the writer has deviated from truth, I beg to give you a few of the names of those "grand old" anatomists who explored the structure of the brain long before the time (1806) of Gall's inquiries. In the first place, however, allow me to observe that no *savant* of the present day denies the vast importance of the researches of Gall and Spurzheim, but let me add also that the labours of these anatomists tended rather to improve methods of study and to indicate modes of tracing cerebral fibres than to discover new points of general structure. It would be impossible within any ordinary limits of space to give you a list of all those who have "worked out" the arrangement of the parts constituting the brain, but I will mention a few of the more important, beginning with the celebrated James Dubois, who, in 1550, described the "fissure" which bears his Latinized name, and coming up to the middle of the last century (fifty years before Gall's time), when the general structure of the brain may be said to have been fully investigated. These are as follows:—Arantius (A.D. 1587), who first described the *hippocampus*; Constant Varolius, author of "De Resolutione Corporis Humani," which was published, after his death, in 1591, and who was one of the first to dissect the brain along its fibres in the way afterwards improved on by Viessens and, subsequently, in this century, by Gall and Spurzheim; Malpighi, the father of microscopic anatomy, author of "Exercitatio Epistolica de Cerebro," in 1664; our celebrated countryman, T. Willis, author of "Cerebri Anatome Nervorumque Descriptio et Usus in Opera Omnia," 1682; Raymond Viessens, author of the "Neurographia Universalis," in 1685; and Peter Tarin, author of "Adversaria Anatomica," in 1750.

If your contributor will consult the works of any of these great masters, I have no doubt he will confess his temerity in asserting that the structure of the brain was unknown till the phrenological theorists came upon the scene. I shall pass on, therefore, to the next point. Your contributor launches out in a violent diatribe against Dr. Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, whom he accuses of exhibiting bad taste of placing himself in a ridiculous position, and of having done nothing to distinguish himself beyond his own locality. Dr. Thompson can, no doubt, defend himself from charges which display as much ignorance as malice, but in the mean time I may mention that his only exhibition of bad taste consisted in the expression of an opinion adverse to phrenology—in which, I believe, nearly all scientific men agree with him; and that so far from having done nothing to distinguish himself, his name is known wherever physiological anatomy is studied, and that he is the author of some of the most important memoirs which have yet been published upon the difficult question of "development."

Trusting that these remarks may convince your contributor of the false position in which he has placed your journal, I would in conclusion ask your readers, on whom the charges of being ridiculous, and of displaying bad taste, now lie, and

Feb. 6.

Remain, Sir,  
G. G.

WE regard it as the duty of every man to defend the just claims of the illustrious dead against the petty nibblings of self-sufficient critics who presume to pronounce judgment on subjects of which they know nothing. In some observations we have recently made in pursuance of this duty, we appear, if we may judge by their language, greatly to have disturbed the equanimity of some of our medical contemporaries. One of these, a feeble member of the body, under the captivating heading of "Science and Sciolism," belabours us as follows:—"Ignorance displayed"—"insulting animus"—"puerilities of the writer," &c., and accuses us of hiding something, we know not what. Another follows suit with—"liable to occasional hallucinations"—"as ridiculous as to allege that the LONDON REVIEW's science contributor ought to be elected to the fellowship of the Royal Society"—"canards which mislead the public," &c.; whilst under the signature "G. G." an amiable but somewhat stolid philosophical gentleman, full of anxiety for the reputation of the science department of the REVIEW and who kindly volunteers to instruct "your contributor," tells him that he "displays as much ignorance as malice,"

and that his "audacity is only equalled by his untruthfulness." Now we are far from complaining of this. On the contrary, we are infinitely amused to see the activity displayed by our friends in culling these flowers of rhetoric for the decoration of a fool's cap which we foresee will settle on their own heads, but we confess to having been surprised at the curious coincidence of three individuals simultaneously developing symptoms of rabies, and making "so wildly furious an onslaught" on such wholly inadequate grounds. We were not the attacking party, and this makes the excitement of these three Messieurs—if, indeed, there are three, and it be not a case of "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—the more extraordinary and unaccountable.

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"My Lady's" peculiar dress (of what period, goodness knows), nor Herrick's verses quaintly scored beneath, make it art. It is monstrous and morbid affectation.

## MUSIC.

MADAME SCHUMANN continues, by her repeated performances, to maintain that special position, as an intellectual interpreter of the highest order of pianoforte music, which she has always held in the estimation of those who are capable of a right judgment on the subject. There are many points in musical, as in other criticism, that must be subject to differences of opinion and varieties of taste even under the supposition of equality of knowledge; but the question whether Madame Schumann is a great pianist is simply one of fact, and those critics (and there are a limited few) who deny it, will scarcely gain credit for anything but prejudice or eccentricity by such an opinion. In spite of exceptional snarls, Madame Schumann has now obtained that recognition by the English public to which her great merits, executive and intellectual, entitle her; and it is not in the power of either ignorance or ill nature to write her down. Madame Schumann's performance and reception at the last Monday Popular Concert afforded sufficient justification of the opinion which we have always expressed of this great artist—her playing of three solo pieces by Robert Schumann having exemplified almost every great quality of pianoforte playing. In the graceful and melodious "Arabesque" her touch was light, elastic, and playful; the movements from the "Kreisleriana" were given with a masculine energy and vigour, without effort or coarseness, that could not have been surpassed by any pianist of any period; and the same may be said of the extract (No. 2) from the "Novelletten," a piece involving some of the greatest difficulties of bravura playing. Each of these performances was a triumph of executive and intellectual art, and was evidently so considered by the crowded audience of St. James's Hall. A further proof of the high intellectual merit of Madame Schumann's playing was afforded by her performance, jointly with Herr Joachim, of Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 96), for piano and violin; a work as difficult to render effective with a large audience, as the same composer's concerto in the same key. In this piece the two executants won equal honour—the playing on both sides being of the very highest order. The violin quartet by Robert Schumann, given on this occasion (No. 2 in F, from Op. 41), contains much that is admirable and interesting; together with, as usual in Schumann's larger works, much that is crude, dry, and laboured. The first movement, the most complete and sustained in its development, would alone suffice to place Schumann far above the herd of average composers; indeed, were the other portions of the quartet equal to this, the work might be ranked not far below the productions of the greatest masters; but Schumann's longer works are too often marred by inequalities and incompleteness,—and, with the exception of the vigorous scherzo, the remainder of the quartet is rendered tedious by occasional passages of dulness and obscurity. As we have remarked on previous occasions, Schumann's powers are best and most perfectly exhibited in his smaller pieces—his pianoforte music and his songs, which are full of genius and poetical feeling. At the Crystal Palace Concert of this day (Saturday) Madame Schumann is announced to play Beethoven's E flat concerto.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

"The Jealous Wife," with Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, has been revived at Drury Lane this week, and next week "The Merchant of Venice" will take its place. "Rob Roy" is to be the next important revival at this theatre, and at Easter a new sensational drama by Mr. Andrew Halliday will be produced. Negotiations are pending with Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas), and if she should be engaged for the autumn, "Antony and Cleopatra" will be put upon the stage.

The sale of St. Martin's Hall for a theatre only awaits the formal consent of the Mercers' Company, who are the ground landlords, and that consent, it is understood, will be given. By next October the Hall will doubtless be converted into one of the most elegant theatres in London.

A very weak and confused farce, called "An Atrocious Criminal," has been produced this week at the Olympic. It is of German origin, and the chief character is played by Mr. John Clayton.

Mr. Walpole, in answer to a question by Mr. O'Beirne, stated this week in the House of Commons that he would lose no time in bringing in a Bill to amend the present laws affecting theatres and places of public amusement in England.

## SCIENCE.

[We print the following letter in connection with the "Science" of this week, and append our contributor's reply to it. The *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* addressed themselves to the subject some time ago, impugning our contributor's ability to substantiate a specific charge against the old brain anatomists. It is not with the intention of entering into a controversy with either of our contemporaries that the matter is now revived, but simply in order that any of our readers who may have noticed the paragraphs



referred to, should be in a position to judge for themselves as to the side to which the balance of truth inclines.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Although a writer in a literary journal can hardly be supposed to possess any extensive familiarity with scientific facts, and is therefore, to a certain extent, irresponsible for many mistakes in treating of matters with which he is unacquainted, it behoves him to be at least guarded in publishing serious assertions. I am led to this remark by observing a very egregious blunder made by your "Science" contributor in your last issue. In a paragraph devoted to an advocacy of the claims of phrenology—an hypothesis which I may, *en passant*, remark is now regarded as exploded—the writer, with more zeal than accuracy, commits himself in these three ways: he slanders the medical profession; makes a most unjust attack on one of its most distinguished members, and brings your scientific department into disrepute by an assertion whose audacity is only equalled by its untruthfulness. Even, sir, if your pages were the place for such a discussion, the profession, I fancy, needs no defence from so wildly furious an onslaught as that of your contributor. I shall pass, therefore, to the second and third points I have referred to, and deal firstly with the third. The paragraph to which I would particularly direct your attention is the following:—

"When Gall commenced his researches on the brain, nothing was known of its structure. So absolutely nothing, indeed, that its 'anatomy was demonstrated,' as the phrase goes, by the teachers of the day, by cutting it up into slices, without any attempt to trace the anatomical connection of its parts, because undiscovered and unknown."

The merest tyro in the study of anatomy could have told your contributor how erroneous the above statement is; but since the general reader may not be aware how far the writer has deviated from truth, I beg to give you a few of the names of those "grand old" anatomists who explored the structure of the brain long before the time (1806) of Gall's inquiries. In the first place, however, allow me to observe that no *savant* of the present day denies the vast importance of the researches of Gall and Spurzheim, but let me add also that the labours of these anatomists tended rather to improve methods of study and to indicate modes of tracing cerebral fibres than to discover new points of general structure. It would be impossible within any ordinary limits of space to give you a list of all those who have "worked out" the arrangement of the parts constituting the brain, but I will mention a few of the more important, beginning with the celebrated James Dubois, who, in 1550, described the "fissure" which bears his Latinized name, and coming up to the middle of the last century (fifty years before Gall's time), when the general structure of the brain may be said to have been fully investigated. These are as follows:—Arantius (A.D. 1587), who first described the *hippocampus*; Constant Varolius, author of "De Resolutione Corporis Humani," which was published, after his death, in 1591, and who was one of the first to dissect the brain along its fibres in the way afterwards improved on by Viessens and, subsequently, in this century, by Gall and Spurzheim; Malpighi, the father of microscopic anatomy, author of "Exercitatio Epistolica de Cerebro," in 1664; our celebrated countryman, T. Willis, author of "Cerebri Anatome Nervorumque Descriptio et Usus in Opera Omnia," 1682; Raymond Viessens, author of the "Neurographia Universalis," in 1685; and Peter Tarin, author of "Adversaria Anatomica," in 1750.

If your contributor will consult the works of any of these great masters, I have no doubt he will confess his temerity in asserting that the structure of the brain was unknown till the phrenological theorists came upon the scene. I shall pass on, therefore, to the next point. Your contributor launches out in a violent diatribe against Dr. Allen Thompson, of Glasgow, whom he accuses of exhibiting bad taste of placing himself in a ridiculous position, and of having done nothing to distinguish himself beyond his own locality. Dr. Thompson can, no doubt, defend himself from charges which display as much ignorance as malice, but in the mean time I may mention that his only exhibition of bad taste consisted in the expression of an opinion adverse to phrenology—in which, I believe, nearly all scientific men agree with him; and that so far from having done nothing to distinguish himself, his name is known wherever physiological anatomy is studied, and that he is the author of some of the most important memoirs which have yet been published upon the difficult question of "development."

Trusting that these remarks may convince your contributor of the false position in which he has placed your journal, I would in conclusion ask your readers, on whom the charges of being ridiculous, and of displaying bad taste, now lie, and

Feb. 6.

Remain, Sir,

G. G.

We regard it as the duty of every man to defend the just claims of the illustrious dead against the petty nibblings of self-sufficient critics who presume to pronounce judgment on subjects of which they know nothing. In some observations we have recently made in pursuance of this duty, we appear, if we may judge by their language, greatly to have disturbed the equanimity of some of our medical contemporaries. One of these, a feeble member of the body, under the captivating heading of "Science and Sciolism," belabours us as follows:—"Ignorance displayed"—"insulting animus"—"puerilities of the writer," &c., and accuses us of hiding something, we know not what. Another follows suit with—"liable to occasional hallucinations"—"as ridiculous as to allege that the LONDON REVIEW's science contributor ought to be elected to the fellowship of the Royal Society"—"canards which mislead the public," &c.; whilst under the signature "G. G." an amiable but somewhat stolid philosophical gentleman, full of anxiety for the reputation of the science department of the REVIEW and who kindly volunteers to instruct "your contributor," tells him that he "displays as much ignorance as malice,"

and that his "audacity is only equalled by his untruthfulness." Now we are far from complaining of this. On the contrary, we are infinitely amused to see the activity displayed by our friends in culling these flowers of rhetoric for the decoration of a fool's cap which we foresee will settle on their own heads, but we confess to having been surprised at the curious coincidence of three individuals simultaneously developing symptoms of rabies, and making "so wildly furious an onslaught" on such wholly inadequate grounds. We were not the attacking party, and this makes the excitement of these three Messieurs—if, indeed, there are three, and it be not a case of "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—the more extraordinary and unaccountable.

Whether we were justified in saying "When Gall commenced his researches on the brain, nothing was known of its structure. So absolutely nothing, indeed, that its anatomy was 'demonstrated,' as the phrase goes, by the teachers of the day, by cutting it up into slices, without any attempt to trace the anatomical connection of its parts, because undiscovered and unknown," depends upon the knowledge possessed by anatomists of the structure of the brain at the advent of Gall; and with an intimate acquaintance with what this knowledge amounted to, we have no hesitation in saying that it would be difficult to name a proposition on which we would more readily join issue. Gall himself justly observes: "Les écrits de mes adversaires sera toujours pour moi la plus précieuse garantie, combien dans ce temps-là les connaissances anatomiques et physiologiques du système nerveux étaient encore arriérées, et combien la science me doit à cet égard." The task of our medical friends was, therefore, not merely obvious, but simple; they should have defined, at least in outline, what the knowledge of the structure of the brain before the time of Gall really amounted to—in short, *proved* our ignorance instead of merely *asserting* it. To have done this, however, would have been to abandon the safe ground of vague declamation, besides entailing the inconvenience of requiring some knowledge of the subject, now deemed a superfluity by many critics, who find it easier to get into a lion's skin, roar lustily, and trust to the want of zoological discrimination in the spectators to escape detection.

We said, "so absolutely nothing, that its anatomy was demonstrated by cutting it up into slices." Our critics do not, and cannot, impugn this statement, and we then employed it, and still regard it, as virtually including all we were contending for. Let us suppose the trunk of the body cut up into sections, and the various appearances presented, christened with fanciful names founded on purely mechanical ideas, the character, connection, and relationships of the various systems—vascular, digestive, nervous, and muscular—being entirely overlooked, and we shall have a parallel to the condition of our knowledge of the structure of the brain, when Gall entered the field.\* According to our view, the knowledge of the anatomy of a part includes the knowledge of its commencement, course, and termination, and its connection and relationship with other parts, and goes somewhat beyond the vague notions of structure obtained by the carver who cuts up a leg of mutton. However, we will fortify our own authority on this point by a quotation from one of the most esteemed works on the brain the English language possesses. Mr. Solly (then Senior Assistant-Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, and Lecturer on Clinical Surgery) observes in his preface, "It is unfortunate indeed that candidates for this honourable certificate (the medical diploma) are still very generally required to describe the appearances presented by the brain dissected, or rather destroyed, by the old method of slicing; a method most unphilosophical in its conception, and totally inadequate to impart any real information in regard to the structure of the organ. . . . It is sad to reflect that medical students on whom the duty devolves of tracing the relations which exist between the structure of organs and their functional manifestations, with a view to the successful treatment of disease, should thus neglect the most important part of the whole organism."

We should, however, be willing to waive all other considerations, and rest the justification of the language we employed, on the declaration of the eminent anatomist Loder, *quoted* by us in the article which is the subject of so much denunciation:—"Je suis honteux et indigné contre moi-même, d'avoir comme les autres depuis près de trente ans, découpé des centaines de cerveaux comme on tranche dans un fromage, et de n'avoir pas aperçu la forêt par le trop d'arbres qu'il y avait." In English:—"I am ashamed and indignant with myself for having like others, for nearly thirty years, cut up hundreds of brains as one slices a cheese, without ever perceiving the forest through the abundance of the trees." We beg pardon of our readers for translating so simple a French sentence, but we have done so for the benefit of our critics, since it does appear to us that, had they clearly comprehended it, the pitiable exposure they have made of themselves would not have occurred.

We never pretended that the older anatomists omitted the examination of the brain in their study of the human body. In the list given by "G. G." we miss many names of anatomists as

\* The necessary result of the old method of dissecting the brain is thus pithily described in the article "Anatomie du Cerveau," written by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim for the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales," in 1813:—"On a mis en usage une méthode de dissection très-défectueuse; on ne faisait que des coupes horizontales, verticales, ou obliques, par en haut ou par en bas, et on enlevait successivement des tranches de cet organe. De cette manière, on commençait par détruire les connexions des différents appareils, et on procédait sans égard pour l'ordre dans lequel les parties se suivent naturellement."



celebrated as any it contains, and men who particularly occupied themselves with the brain, but what is certain is that the secret of its structure never yielded itself to their inquiries.

"G. G." says (referring to Gall and Spurzheim), "the labours of these anatomists tended rather to improve methods of study than to discover new points of general structure." Instead of this self-contradictory statement, "G. G." doubtless wished to say that "their labours were rather fruitful in indicating improved methods of study, than in actually discovering new points in general structure." So amended, we take the liberty of saying it would be difficult to frame a sentence more indicative of entire want of acquaintance with the subject, which is not to be mastered by an appeal to an Encyclopædia on the spur of the moment, in search of materials to serve a temporary purpose. If anything deserves the name of "general structure" in connection with the brain, surely it is the structure of the mass of convolutions of which it essentially consists; and is "G. G." really so ignorant as not to know that the fact—that the convolutions were formed by the folding of a tissue or layer of fibrous neurine (having a layer of vesicular neurine on the exterior) on itself—was unknown till discovered by Gall? As a consequence, quite an undue importance was given to the cavities of the brain under the name of ventricles, such cavities being in reality merely the intervals or spaces produced by the apposition of the cerebral surfaces—and rather fissures than cells—whilst up to the appearance of Gall and Spurzheim's memoir on the brain, even Cuvier derived the olfactory nerve from the corpora striata, and the optic from the thalami.

It would be hardly polite in us to omit all notice of "G. G.'s" dictum on phrenology. After the light he has thrown on other cerebral questions it may be deemed valuable. It is, he says, "an hypothesis which I may, *en passant*, remark is now regarded as exploded." So learned and self-satisfied an individual probably eschews such light literature as the *Athenæum*, and cannot therefore be expected to know what is known to everybody else—viz., that about a twelvemonth ago there appeared in its columns the official report of a commission appointed by the Italian Government on the skull of Dante, giving a lengthy account of its phrenological development, and the character indicated, according to the system of Gall; whilst during the present month the pages of the same periodical have furnished a testimony to the truth of phrenology in a review of the works of Harvey the poet. Speaking from our own experience, we are inclined to believe that a very large proportion of the educated classes of the community are more or less believers in phrenology, whilst in America the science is still more generally accepted.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

ALTHOUGH the discount market has shown but little increase of demand, the tendency is somewhat less favourable than last week. During one or two days a large amount of Eastern and Australian paper fell due, and it might have been supposed that the exceptional requirements to meet these payments were certain to cause a rise, temporary perhaps, in the rate of discount. No appreciable effect, however, was produced by these operations. Money, instead of being at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., was simply quoted at  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . The alteration of an eighth per cent. per annum, one way or the other, could not in any material degree influence the general state of commerce. Latterly, however, there has been a renewal of the exports of gold to the Continent. Thus far, the receipts from Australia and America have been ample to meet the above shipments, and it has been remarked as an unusual circumstance, that, as regards the Bank, the foreign specie movements in the period comprised by the last account have been exactly balanced. It rarely happens that the Bank is not either losing or gaining bullion. Of course, this does not apply to the fluctuation in the home circulation. That must necessarily vary from hour to hour. As the internal trade of the country increases or diminishes, so will the requirements of coin for carrying it on be greater or less as the case may be. At present, however, we are dealing with the foreign export. The Fenian disturbances have evidently caused some alarm abroad, much more than has been felt here, and those Continental bankers and merchants who had balances employed in London, have consequently been withdrawing them. It is true that even in the aggregate these sums have been of small amount, but still they cause a sudden demand for means of remittance, and this at once turns the exchanges, however slightly, against us. Hence as bills on Paris, Amsterdam, or Frankfort, become scarce in the market, it is found both easier and cheaper to send gold. If our indebtedness abroad were heavy, this movement would necessarily have considerable effect on our money market. It was so last May and June, but since then our Continental engagements have been reduced to very small proportions.

The present is almost the first occasion within existing

memory of money having been taken away from England on account of political apprehensions. The tide has been almost invariably the other way. In 1848 considerable amounts of Continental capital were sent here for safe custody. The same thing occurred at the outbreak of the late American war. One individual alone was said to have bought half a million of consols. In the latter instance, when the war was brought to a conclusion, the Americans took their money back, and through this very natural operation, the exports to the United States, more than a year ago, exhibited a large augmentation, greatly to the terror of some unobservant critics, who looked dismay on the "inflation" in the American trade and solemnly warned us against a panic, which has yet to come. It is hardly to be wished that our previous Continental depositors should send their money back. We have already more than enough to supply our restricted trade, and any increase would do no good, and might very possibly lead to mischief.

The success of the Chilean Loan has been in some degree marred by an unexpected announcement that authority has been granted by the Government for the conversion, if demanded, of about £1,121,000 of home 8 per cent. bonds, payable only in Chili, into bonds bearing 7 per cent., payable in sterling in London. As the holders have availed themselves of the option, the result is that a new stock of which no one had previously heard will come into our market in competition with that lately issued. The scrip of the £2,000,000 loan has consequently fallen to 2 discount. It is to be regretted that the circumstances were not made known at the time of the issue of the prospectus, since the suppression tends to throw a probably undeserved slur upon the Chilean Government. In all financial matters, the very worst policy that can be observed is reticence. If by this course a little temporary gain is secured, it is far outbalanced by the discredit that is sure to follow.

The new Danubian Principalities or Roumanian Loan for £1,300,000 was brought forward early in the week. It does not appear to have been received with much favour, although issued on terms that promise upwards of 12 per cent., and guaranteed by the hypothecation of special revenues. The amount of subscriptions has been nominally large, owing, perhaps, to the circumstance that no deposit was required on application, and it therefore remains to be seen how many of them are substantial and *bonâ fide*. The scrip has commanded a small premium, but the transactions have been comparatively few. The difficulty the contractors have to contend with is the heavy depreciation—fully 20 per cent.—in the first loan issued on account of this Government, more than two years ago, in London. For placing an investment of this nature there is but a limited market here, yet it may be more successful abroad. The announcement that bonds representing the low amount of £10 stock will be issued, especially appeals to the small capitalists of the Continent.

Besides this operation, a new Portuguese Loan is again said to be on the point of introduction, also a proposed loan to Greece. The latter can hardly be seriously contemplated. The existing loans, that is, those not possessing the guarantee of England, France, and Russia, were contracted in 1824 and 1825, and paid one or two dividends, and have been in default, one for forty years, the other for rather more. The validity of these engagements has also been disputed, but latterly recognised, apparently in view of the forthcoming operation. No more hopeless attempt could possibly be conceived than to make a further appeal for English funds. It may even be doubted whether any subscriptions that might be given would not be at once subject to sequestration by the English, French, and Russian Governments, on account of the dividends paid by them for years on the guaranteed stocks. If the loan is to be obtained, it is to be hoped the wealthy Greek merchants will furnish it. Hitherto, however, these capitalists, although very patriotic in a political point of view, have shown in financial matters a strong disposition to lend to the Turk, and to absolutely refuse the slightest assistance to the national Government at Athens. It would, by the way, be a singular freak of fortune, if Greece contrived to raise a loan from the English public by the not improbable expedient of pledging the revenues of Corfu.

We are promised another railway scandal. By the time these lines appear, the report of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company will probably be issued. It is said that its statements will be, to say the least, most unfavourable, and this opinion is strongly supported by the constant fall that has taken place in the price of the securities for a long time back. It may be hoped, however, that the adverse features of the case, and there are admittedly some, have been exaggerated, and that with a just forbearance on all sides, this really valuable property may be thoroughly reinstated.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## FRENCH COMMERCE.\*

If Dr. Johnson had lived in this statistical age he would have given a special and sonorous panegyric to the few writers who, like Mr. Martin, at once abridge and enliven the necessary labours of those who would comprehend public affairs. The art of making a work of reference at once useful and compendious is a valuable one, but to make it readable besides is a rarer talent still; and of Mr. Martin's books it may fairly be said that while they are interesting reading to all but the most frivolous, they are real handbooks which, after reading, one would be very loth to mislay. In the present instance Mr. Martin has descended from statesmanship; but in this Gladstone era there is no condescension in ministering to commerce, and the "Commercial Handbook of France" shows a high sense of the elevation and expansion which mercantile ideas have sustained without any remissness in those minor and more practical respects which must be duly regarded by whoever wishes to serve persons actually engaged in trade. Useful to any one who has to deal with our commercial relations with France in a general or political manner, this book will prove invaluable to all who resort to it for information and guidance in the daily operations of French trade. Our grandfathers would have thought the world was coming to an end, and Jacobinism approaching our counting-houses and desks, if not our hearths and homes, had they been presented with a compendium of information about France in the guise of a mercantile manual. But times and manners have changed, and will change still more. Even with those more distant regions to which we have long traded, our commerce is more thoughtfully conducted and with greater recourse to good information than formerly. The nearer countries, from which European jealousies have so long excluded British enterprise, have lately opened out to us trade that can only be carried on upon the most intelligent and advanced principles, and those who wish to be in the van of commercial success in the immediate future, will find it essential to discard old rough-and-ready notions, and to devote themselves to the development of this country's resources by exports, and of those of other countries by imports, in the intelligent manner of which the book before us is continually suggestive.

When we consider how recent, as well as vast, the increase of our French trade has been, we shall at once perceive that there is little fear of exaggerating the results of the fiscal and commercial revolution which the last few years have witnessed. The imports from France were in 1855 worth £9,146,418, while the exports were £10,421,881. In 1860 they had only risen respectively to £17,774,037 and £12,701,372. The French Treaty was negotiated in that year, and its results are sufficiently, though of course not precisely, indicated by the figures of 1865, when the imports from France were in value £31,645,210, and the exports from Great Britain to France, £25,191,498. To give a yet clearer idea of the progress the trade between the two countries, Mr. Martin reminds us of the figures of fifty and of a hundred years ago. They were as follows:—

	Imports.	Exports.
1766.....	£83,922 .....	£430,528
1816.....	£407,883 .....	£1,608,861

"At present the value of the eggs alone which France annually sends to the United Kingdom is about double that of the total imports of 1816, while the woollen fabrics despatched from Great Britain to France amounted to more than the total exports of the same year." Truly, a commercial handbook of France needs no apology with such facts as these before us. Mr. Martin's purposes and limits do not permit him to be historical, and he does not, therefore, afford us the means of minutely comparing as to quantity as well as value the imports and exports before and after the Cobden treaty. The results of that treaty have very generally been taken for granted, but there are two moot points respecting them. It is asserted by some that the great increase in the returns is mainly owing to the high prices which have lately ruled, and it is a subject of regret amongst statisticians that our Board of Trade returns do not afford ready means of ascertaining the precise operation of this disturbing cause on a considerable proportion of our commerce. On this head Mr. Martin does not afford us any information, but he lays a basis for future comparisons by giving the quantities and values for 1864, so far as articles imported for home consumption are concerned. As his work is likely to be an annual, or at all events a periodical one, it may be worth his while hereafter to turn his attention to this point. Nothing daunts his industry or baffles his powers of discovery. He may, therefore, prepare with advantage for his next edition a table ranging say from 1855 to 1865, which will satisfactorily show how much of the nominal increase in our trade is due to the disturbance of prices which was so remarkable a feature of that troubled and yet prosperous period. The other moot point has reference to the proportion of goods entered for home consumption in France, it having been alleged by a few critics that the magnitude of our exports since the French treaty have been greatly owing to a mere transit trade in articles which formerly were exported direct to other countries, but which it is now convenient to send through France. Now, on pages 53 to 60 of the "Handbook" will be found a table which appears satisfactorily to dispose of this allegation. It dis-

tinguishes the quantities entered for home consumption from the gross quantities imported, and an inspection of it will show that except in the articles of pig, bar, and rail iron, and seeds, almost all the British goods that have been imported have been for domestic employment. Perhaps, however, the broad fact (p. 90) that the imports from the United Kingdom have very nearly doubled in the six years since the treaty will render most people indifferent to any refutation of minute criticisms on the working of the great achievement in which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone so happily shared. The quickening of French trade has been hardly less remarkable, for the exports from France to Great Britain increased in the same period 78 per cent.

It is time, however, to give at least a sketch of the service to commerce which is rendered by Mr. Martin's book. The nature of the introduction exemplifies the extremely practical character of the work. It is simply a lucid explanation of French weights and measures. From this we pass to a general account of the territory and population of the country. The tabular exhibition of the divisions and subdivisions of the country is exceedingly clear, and it is supplemented by a similar statement of the customs establishments and the limits of their districts. These tables are followed by a description of the country in its social and producing aspects, which could not be excelled for brevity and could hardly be improved in completeness. No country is more simply divisible by the economist than France, and Mr. Martin with almost Cæsar's curtness assigns to six regions the industries to which they are devoted. Coal-mines and steam-manufactories occupy the north-west; iron-mines and cotton-manufactories the north-east; grain and cattle the west; wine and fruit the south-west; silk the south-east; hardware and textile manufactures the centre: and this division is almost absolutely accurate. In expanding and defining his distinctions Mr. Martin does not forget that great social question likely sooner or later to agitate ourselves—the division of land. An accurate idea of the extent of the peasant proprietorial system and the dates of its introduction may be obtained in a minute or two from as many of his pages. On its working, however, Mr. Martin is almost silent. The extent to which France is still agricultural is strikingly illustrated even in the most industrial districts, and the variations in the value of land are also remarkably noticeable. For example, 500 francs of *ad valorem* land tax in Brittany denotes the same number of acres as 1,000 francs in Normandy or Picardy. In the chapter on population many will learn for the first time that, at least in the matter of census taking, they do not manage things better in France. The advance of urban over rural population is remarkable. While the towns included, in 1861, 23.01 per cent. more inhabitants than in 1846, those of the country districts had diminished at the rate of 0.57 per cent. But everywhere the progress is slow. The population will take 198 years—instead of 52, as with us—to double itself, and the only countries where multiplication goes on more slowly are Austria and Wurtemberg, where the periods of duplication would be 267 and 248 years respectively. Agriculture still occupies as many as 53.15 per cent. of the whole population, and nearly half of the agricultural population cultivate and live on their own land. It is certainly a very remarkable fact that while there are 9,088,012 resident proprietors in France, there are only 3,063,780 farmers paying rent, and only 5,353,299 labourers. "Absenteeism," says Mr. Martin quaintly enough, "has not made much progress in France, at least, among the landowners; it is rather to be found amongst the labourers, who, being attracted by higher wages and a life of greater amusement, desert the country for the towns." Fancy an English agricultural labourer leaving his plough for a "life of greater amusement!" A comprehensive account of the natural and industrial resources of France forms the next portion of the volume, and Mr. Martin duly consults the English reader by giving the French as well as English denominations under which the various articles figure in the returns.

We have already spoken of his useful tabular account of exports and imports, and there is also a special chapter of great statistical interest on the trade with Great Britain. The admirable analysis of shipping will also be studied with great interest, especially at the present time when the Emperor is revising his navigation laws. Even the wages of seamen and the proportion of them shipwrecked (with a distinction between drowned and saved) find a due place in this interesting *résumé*. Both in sailing and steam vessels Great Britain stands, of course, far ahead of all other countries in number and tonnage. Italy comes next, but at a very long distance in the rear. In these times of ship scuttling it is noteworthy that in 1864 two shipwrecks are recorded to have occurred through "barratry." Merchants will discover in the analysis of the trade at the different ports much guidance and no little matter for reflection. A review and history of the railways is followed by an interesting description of the four great cities—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. Brevity and sufficiency are here again conspicuous. The remainder of the work consists of descriptions of the various ports and towns with their trading pursuits and social customs. Mr. Martin manages to find time to minute even the greater or less sobriety of the workmen, and his sketches of some of the industries—as, for instance, sardines and champagne—are most graphic and to most people novel. An appendix is added, giving the text of the French treaty, and there are three most useful maps.

It is not too much to say that a man setting out in the French trade, master of the stores of information which Mr. Martin has collected and arranged, is furnished with a panoply such as old-fashioned knights of trade neither had nor would have cared about.

\* Commercial Handbook of France. By Frederick Martin, Author of "The Statesman's Year-Book." London: Longmans & Co.



But in these times he fares best as a rule in competition who goes best armed with information, and best supplied with materials for judgment. And we confess it is under the influence of this reflection that we are most interested in the book before us. Merchants are beginning to see what economists have long been impressing upon them, and one consequence of recent progress is that business is more a matter of science, and less carried on by routine or rule of thumb than formerly. Mr. Disraeli attributes our advancement and enrichment to the application of science to common life, and certainly the art of making money has included in its scope of late years a range of knowledge and a variety of ideas which never troubled either the plodding or speculative merchants of other epochs. Making haste to grow rich fell under the divine rebuke when it meant dishonesty, rapacity, and intrigue, and even in these days there is too much commercial energy, which comes within the prohibitory categories of the universal moral code. But on the whole, it is not now by reckless or dishonest trading that fortunes are often made. During the harvest of commercial success which spread over several years, and terminated with the late panic, it was neither mere speculators nor mere speculators that carried home the heaviest sheaves. Large sums were made in limited liability enterprises, the very marrow of which was the ability of those who designed and conducted them, and even in the present hour of reaction, when limited companies are in very bad odour, it is only fair to remember what they have accomplished both for the general application of capital, and for the aggrandizement of those who knew how far to trust them. That all were wise who made money, or that all made money who were wise, would be too much to say; but the general tendency of the time must be evident in the retrospect to every discerning observer. It was to give brains and courage advantages which once were supposed to come of right, only and slowly, to safe and mindless plodding, or by the chance of mere gambling to the reckless trifter with the ups and downs of prices. The same thing has been noticeable of late years in the most disturbed produce markets. The cotton scarcity gave great openings for sheer speculation, and those who know what that is, either in Mincing-lane, in Capel-court, or on the Liverpool Exchange flags, are aware how little intelligence has usually been exercised in it, and what a hand-to-mouth process it has commonly been. Of course, much money was made during the cotton famine by this rough and ready process, and much also in the regular course of steady business by the continual upward rise which went on until the trade was virtually at a standstill. But it is also true that during the American war more fortunes were made by enlightened calculations of probabilities than were ever before acquired rapidly except in the lottery of mere speculation. It is the same tendency of commerce to become more scientific, or, at least, more indebted to wide and accurate general knowledge that has created of late years the profession of financing. Notwithstanding its faults, and the odium attaching to it, only vulgar error would deny to that profession a high place amongst those in which men of judgment and intelligence find scope for their gifts. At no previous time would it have been feasible for an Ex-Finance Minister of India to assume, as Mr. Laing has just done, the onerous, but, as it would once have been deemed, unworthy office of restoring the financial equilibrium of a great railway company; but our ideas of business have been so revolutionized that we now deem this arrangement honourable alike to the new deputy-chairman and to the board who have had the discretion and spirit to elect him. And the same necessity and disposition to deal with business as a matter for the employment of the finest and most energetic faculties prevails in far humbler departments of commerce. The development of *taste* amongst us may, in an artistic sense, be slow, but the appeals made to our *tastes* by textile and ornamental arts are multiplied to an extent which a walk in the Strand or Regent-street overwhelmingly illustrates; and it is notorious that only those houses can "keep pace with the times" which encourage in every way the eager devotion of the best obtainable abilities, both in manufacturing and in buying, to the two great objects of stimulating and gratifying the public appetite for excellence, novelty, and cheapness. An interesting sketch might be given, had we space, of the inroads which have been made in various departments upon what may be called the old style of doing business, and many particulars of it would bear directly on our trade with France. It lately happened to us to become casually acquainted with the interiors of two of the greatest concerns in England, one of which has culminated, if indeed it be not already on the decline, while the other is daily acquiring a firmer hold, daily opening new fields of enterprise, daily satisfying, and what is quite as important, creating new desires amongst the buying public. The revelations made were interesting enough on many grounds, but what most struck us was the contrast between the former and the latter establishments in the extent to which each brought out, and the greater or less freedom with which each applied the abilities, experience, and information of its *personnel*. In the one, from the senior partner almost to the junior porter, every one seemed full of intelligent activity. Beginning at the bottom with that quick and steady devotion to details which is in small things essential, it developed, e'er the top was reached, into an amount of indefinite capability and comprehensive knowledge, equal to any enterprise, and certain to carry away all the prizes that could be won by knowing better, seeing farther, and being more prompt than rivals in the trade. In the other firm all this was reversed, and it is needless to describe in detail the dull and spiritless existence which was led on a crushing system of fixed salaries and rise by seniority, under principals content to live by a reputation won in the past,

and to let the possibilities of the present slip by them almost unseen and never even faintly grasped at. Lord Hobart has been blamed for calling Mr. Cobden an international man, but it must be admitted that in a commercial sense at least he deserved that title, and perhaps to him is owing a considerable proportion of the inspiring change which has lately come over English commerce. The nature of Manchester trade has always made its manufacturers more cosmopolitan than other Englishmen in their business ideas, and when only a "Manchester manufacturer" Mr. Cobden laid the basis of a great political reputation and imbibed the ideas of great commercial reforms. His travels and his singular power of carrying away with him complete impressions of what he saw made him practically master of the trading, if not of the political capacities, of almost every nation. For a long time the enfranchisement of our own commerce was necessarily his sole care, and when that was accomplished he devoted himself as an essential preliminary to the eradication of warlike ideas in Europe. But by a curious coincidence, the war which broke out in 1853, and which he so vehemently opposed, did more for his international ideas than anything else could have achieved. It made us close allies of France, and Mr. Cobden perceived that with France, if only her tariff could be liberalized, a vast trade would be done. To this end he devoted himself, and eventually, in a most wonderful manner, consummated his enterprise. The trade between the two countries, as we have seen, marvellously developed itself, and of necessity the intercourse between their inhabitants vastly increased likewise. All who are familiar with the every-day life of English trade know what a revolution was wrought in many departments of it by Mr. Cobden's treaty, and especially how sedulously the facts and methods of French commerce have been studied by many of those who, under the old system of English business, would never have needed to know anything but the details of home trade or the routine of mechanical foreign exportation. It is because all business is growing less mechanical and more an intelligent pursuit, quickened by rewards only within reach of information and ability that such books as Mr. Martin's are so welcome; and at the same time they are of that change a most significant exemplar and monument.

#### ECCE DEUS.\*

WE confess to have felt no small disappointment on opening the volume placed at the head of our notice. The similarity it presented in form, size, type, binding, lettering, title, almost in the very number of pages, to "*Ecce Homo*," led us for a moment to think that the gifted author of the latter work had found himself able to give to his expectant readers earlier than he supposed the promised volume that should complete the treatment of his great subject. The first inspection however of "*Ecce Deus*" showed it to be otherwise. Two books could hardly be more like each other in outward shape and dress, but there is a vast inequality between them in ability, style, spirit, and execution. Like its predecessor, it offers itself to the world without the name of its author, though in the present case it is not easy to discern the reasons that could have prompted the concealment; for the general spirit of the book is comparatively so harmless and orthodox that no one need have been ashamed or reluctant to acknowledge it as his literary child. The author informs us that "*Ecce Homo*" furnished him with moral inspiration and a strong intellectual stimulus, that a careful consideration of the various points raised in that book induced him to undertake a re-survey of the life and doctrine of Christ, and that, while he is at variance with its writer on one main point, on a vast number of questions he is in perfect agreement with him. "*Ecce Deus*" does not accordingly profess to be a *reply* to "*Ecce Homo*," nor a complete *criticism* of it, for the controversial notes appended to this volume strike us as very inadequate and disproportioned to the importance of the work which they profess to examine. Neither, again, can it be called the *complement* of "*Ecce Homo*," accepting the latter as far as it goes, but supplying what was felt by most to be lacking on the divine side of the Saviour's nature; for our author repudiates the stand-point of his predecessor and professes to work from a different centre. In short it is difficult to fix the relation of the latter to the former book; at the same time we suspect that the writer of "*Ecce Deus*" somewhat underrates the degree of obligation in which he stands to the other, when he terms his own essays "an examination of the life and doctrine of Jesus Christ conducted on *independent* ground."

Our author accuses the writer of "*Ecce Homo*" of ignoring the mystery of the Incarnation, without which he considers, rightly enough, that the life and work of Christ cannot be fully understood. For ourselves, we think that such a charge should not have been made till the supplementary volume to "*Ecce Homo*" had appeared. Even in the "fragment" we possess there is no word of denial in regard to the Incarnation; and we could point out many passages wherein that important truth seems clearly implied, if not actually expressed. Besides, it did not come strictly within the province of a subject which was approached purely on the historic and human side. It is, we think, therefore doing an injustice to assume on the part of a writer characterized by such profound reverence and adoration for the perfections of the "Son of Man" a disbelief in the doctrine of Christ's divinity, simply because the limits of the author's proposed treatment precluded him from the simultaneous portrayal of the "Son of God." Still, our author in the present

\* *Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo."* Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.



volume, like many others, has made the charge, and has written these pages to supply the assumed deficiency. He begins his treatise with a chapter on the "Holy Thing," closing it with the emphatic declaration that "if Christ be not God, he is the Devil," an alternative that will be regarded by conscientious Unitarians as more remarkable for its profanity than its logic. We do not, however, wish to be hard on the writer of "Ecce Deus;" he has much to say that is true and valuable, though little perhaps that is original. His argument in this part amounts to the following:—Given a course of prophecy from the earliest ages pointing to the dual nature of Christ—acknowledged by the Jews and appealed to by the Saviour himself—the mystery of the birth will be found in keeping with the mystery of the prophecy, and furthermore, the mystery of the doctrine, life, and character (to anticipate the remainder of "Ecce Deus"), is in keeping with both. Other writers have tried to divest Christ's life and influence of the supernatural and improbable elements in it, and by discarding some things and rationalizing others, have flattered themselves that they have reduced the introduction and growth of Christianity within the compass of natural and human development. Our author takes the exactly opposite line; the total improbability and extraordinariness of all things pertaining to Christ and His Gospel is with him the mark of its divinity and its truth. No natural reason could have conceived, and therefore have invented it; it is this very uniformity and homogeneity of the mystery that is the strongest attestation of its having come down from heaven. This line of argument is of course old enough; it is not without its weak points; it is perhaps the one least adapted to the critical and analytic spirit of our day; but whatever be its value, the substance of the argument has been well put by the writer of "Ecce Deus," plainly, vigorously, and courageously. We must, however, leave this to call attention to one or two other points in these somewhat curious Essays. Our readers will like to know the estimate given of the Church and the Bible; few will forget the masterly way in which the first of these two was treated in "Ecce Homo."

The widest difference, according to our author, exists between the ideal and the actual Church. The former was founded by Christ on a common faith and a common philanthropy, to be immortal, one, and indivisible; the present "sect-church" is represented as "the weakest and, humanly speaking, the most despicable institution which men are now tolerating." "It is afraid of amusement: it is afraid of heresy: it is afraid of contamination: it is afraid of sinners: it is afraid of the devil. It shuts itself up within thick walls, sings its hymns [is the writer perchance a Presbyterian?], hears its periodical platitudes, and then skulks into the common streets, as if afraid lest the multitude should know what it had been doing. Nothing can be more un-Christ-like that is not positively devilish." This is strong language, and not very consistent, it seems to us, either with the acknowledgment a few pages later, that "the 'sect-church' shows an extraordinary zeal for teaching and improving the lower strata of society," or with the belief (p. 139) "that Christ's influence is not diminishing in human society." Our author is, however, more successful in abusing than reforming the Church; his only scheme for the latter is to banish all denominationalism, and to proclaim the unity of churches and sects on the basis of a charity which concedes on equal terms. It would appear, therefore, that to procure this unity one of the two above-mentioned foundations of the Church must needs be removed. Nothing is said of the common faith, and how this is to be secured, beyond the quiet assurance that Romanist and Protestant, Trinitarian and Unitarian will forget or merge all their differences, even on the most important articles of belief, in the common love of the same Saviour. Others have dreamed the same bright dream before, but we look in vain for the slightest approach to its realization; we may add that our author's contemptuous estimate of the churches, with his low-pitched views of ecclesiastical membership, worship, and sacraments will, we think, not make him an acceptable mediator in the hoped-for reconciliation of Christendom.

As the tendency of "Ecce Deus," in regard to the Church, is to make every good man his own priest, so in respect of the Bible he is to be his own interpreter through the consciousness of the Holy Spirit's enlightenment. The written Word is viewed as a repertory of facts, a revelation of doctrines, and a standard of appeal, containing contradictions more or less real, and in this resembling the Book of Nature, but expanding in its meaning and application in accordance with the growing capacity and power of the world. "God is, so to speak, issuing ever-enlarged editions of the New Testament" and the function of the spirit is to reveal the historic Christ more and more plainly. With the highest reverence for the moral aspect of the Bible, our author, however, combines an unlimited scorn for the theological side of the book. Of the Epistles he speaks as having contributed chiefly to originate and promote division, though on the whole he concludes, "that it is better to have them than to be without them," a position, it seems to us, not wholly consistent with the "increasing purpose" ever going on (as he maintains) through the interpretation of the Holy Spirit operating on the believer's heart. Throughout his views on the Bible, as on the Church, there appears to be the greatest possible vagueness: nor can we discern, upon his principles, how a pious Mormon's interpretation of the New Testament is in any degree less so than a Protestant's or Roman Catholic's. A Church with no discipline, and a vague creed, and a Bible left to every Christian to interpret according to his "inner light," are calculated, we think, more to create a religious chaos than to foster the love of Christ or develop the "principle of philanthropy." The difficulty about Miracles our author seems to treat lightly.

He cordially accepts the teaching of the New Testament on this head, and goes as far as to assert that "there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent miracles being wrought to-day;" the only reason why they are not is, that miracles have been superseded by the dominion of the spirit—the miraculous has given place to the moral. "What then (he asks) is nowadays in harmony with the rulership of the spirit? Not miracles, certainly; but science, probably." But we would ask, what if "science" and our "age of reason," which he conceives as the "dispensation of the spirit," pronounce against God as a Creator, and Christ as a Redeemer, and the Bible as an authoritative record? In that case the same spirit that confirmed Christianity by means of miracles, will now be engaged by the instrument of science in overthrowing it. If we have not misinterpreted our author on this point, he seems only to have partially considered the obvious inferences that may be drawn from his parallel. We can easily conceive an analogy between "miracles" and "science;" but not the one which he seems to advocate. There are several other essays in this volume besides those we have touched upon. One consists of a somewhat elaborate defence of the doctrine of "eternal punishments," though how little the full difficulties of the question are really felt, may be seen from a single sentence in it like the following:—"If punishment can be endured at all, why not for ever?" Other chapters treat of the "Cross of Christ," and its relation to the Law and to practical morals, and the volume closes, as we said, with some sketchy and scrappy notes of criticism on isolated passages in "Ecce Homo." Still, the work is on the whole well worth reading, unequal though it be to its great model. "Ecce Deus" has certainly not the beauty or the fervour, or the originality of "Ecce Homo;" it will not exercise one-tenth part of the intellectual influence derivable from the latter book. Still, it is the production of a clever, sincere, religious mind, that sees the evils of the Churches clearer than the remedies for them, yet in speculative matters is more rapid in suggesting the solution than in comprehending the difficulty. The style is decidedly scholar-like, forcible, and pithy, sometimes marred by a French propensity to sweeping generalizations condensed into half a dozen words, but thoroughly readable in every page. A less ambitious design on the part of the author might have achieved a greater success.

#### THE ELEMENTS.\*

THIS is a work on a subject having an important practical bearing, on which much thought has evidently been expended; it is copiously and carefully illustrated; and the author informs us that he should not have ventured to publish but that, after a minute investigation of the mass of facts contained in the numerous sailing directories and charts published by Mr. A. G. Findlay, he finds they are precisely such as must of necessity result from his theory. We would remind our author that nothing can be more unsafe, not to say delusive, than to regard such a dovetailing of facts and theories as satisfactory evidence of the truth of the latter, especially when, as is usually the case, the theories have been constructed to fit the facts as far as they can be seen to be interdependent. Indeed, such a process of ratiocination becomes under such circumstances the equivalent of arguing in a circle, and we need therefore scarcely tell Mr. Jordan that, till supported by evidence of a different stamp, we cannot regard his theories as entitled to rank beyond mere speculations. For many years all the known phenomena of optics were explained on the theory of emission, which, emanating from Newton, maintained its ground for a long period, though now discarded for the undulatory theory. Mr. Leighton tells us that the theory of counter-attraction he suggests "does not supplant the Newtonian theory of centripetal and centrifugal forces, but simply defines the nature of the latter force: maintaining that the former is attraction proceeding from solar gravitation, and the latter attraction proceeding from astral gravitation," and then proceeds to observe that this view "necessarily leads to the theory of the tides, which we have endeavoured to explain." Now, centrifugal force is merely a manifestation of the most fundamental of all the laws of the universe, viz., that all bodies have a tendency to maintain their states, whether at rest or moving. The former, with a force proportional to their weight, the latter with a force proportional to their weight and velocity. A moving body, therefore, cannot have either the velocity or the right-lined direction of its motion changed, but by being acted on by the force of some other body; and a body moving in a circle must be constrained by some continuously acting force to move in a curve instead of flying off at a tangent as a stone from a sling. Now, the pull exerted by the body to escape is its centrifugal force, as the opposing or restraining tension exerted in the line of the radius from the circumference to the centre is named the centripetal force. We are, therefore, obliged to reject the view upon which Mr. Leighton tells us his theory of the tides is founded, viz., that "centrifugal force is astral gravitation"—for *ceteris paribus* centrifugal force is measured by velocity, and gravitation by distance.

Disassociated from this unfortunate theory—this hobby we would say—with which Mr. Leighton has so unnecessarily and so injudiciously attempted to link them, we regard his observations as of great interest and value. The movements of the ocean, and the distinction between tides and currents are thus clearly set forth:—

\* The Elements. An Investigation of the Forces which Determine the Position and Movements of the Ocean and Atmosphere. By William Leighton Jordan. Vol. I. London: Longmans & Co.



"On examining the movements which keep the ocean constantly ebbing and flowing, it is found that there are besides the waves which rise wherever the surface of the water is ruffled by the wind, two entirely distinct kinds of movement: the one, a movement by which its level is constantly changing—rising in one part as it falls in another. This is simply a piling up and subsiding of the water, and is not a current except where the coast-line offers such obstruction as to cause a rush of water. The other, a movement which is a streaming on-wards of parts of the ocean through itself, which is taking place more or less in all parts of it, and forms the *ocean currents*, which are quite distinct from the rising and falling movement which forms the *tides*. As a tide may, by being obstructed by coast-lines, form a current, so also a current may, by being alternately retarded and accelerated, form a tide. But, nevertheless, tides and currents must be looked upon as distinctly different movements, proceeding from distinctly different causes; for it is known that an ocean current may be running in one direction continuously, whether the tide in that part of the ocean be rising or falling. But it is clear that though we must expect to find that the tides are produced by causes quite distinct from those that produce currents, yet we cannot expect fully to understand the one apart from the other; for the *true current* will, in many places, be modified by the *tidal current*, as also the *true tide* will, in many places, be modified by the *current tide*."

Hobbes, in his usual clear and forcible style, expounded the effects of evaporation in causing winds and currents, but facts subsequently discovered are quite at variance with his suggestions. Captain Maury, who lays much stress on the effects of evaporation, mentions facts which he says he cannot account for by that or any other theory; whilst he is as successful in showing that the great ocean currents cannot be caused by the action of the winds, as Sir John Herschel, in demonstrating that they cannot be the result of the action of evaporation. Since it is as clear that the motion of the earth in its orbit must be attended with centrifugal force, as its rotation on its own axis, and having already criticised Mr. Leighton's theory that centrifugal force proceeds from astral gravitation, it is not our intention to examine his speculations on the subject of the tides, more especially as the substance of his observations may be summed up in the proposition "that if the tidal theories propounded by Newton and Laplace be inconsistent with facts, attraction proceeding from astral gravitation must be the cause of the counter-tides."

Mr. Leighton's observations on ocean currents appear to us of a thoroughly sound and practical character, and to evince a careful study of facts, and our own impression is that they were matured and mainly committed to paper before his mind took up the pursuit of such a Will-o'-the-wisp as the identity of centrifugal force, and astral gravitation. He regards the ocean currents, though subject to a great complication of forces, as caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis, and its motion in its orbit. The centrifugal force caused by the rotation of the earth on its axis causes a piling up of water about the equator, but only tends to hold the water in that piled-up position without causing it to move. It is, however, obvious, that the rotation of the earth on its axis produces another and entirely distinct influence on the water; viz., the rotation of the earth from west to east causes the water to move over its surface from east to west; that is, the movement of the earth's surface eastward, produces a current westward, in the water. This westward tendency imparted to the ocean by the rotation of the earth eastward on its axis, is obviously a fixed and unchanging influence, for the earth is constantly rotating at the same rate. The position and direction which the currents would assume under the influences of such forces as are fixed and unchanging, may be termed their natural position and direction. The motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun, and probably also the motion of the solar system through space, whatever that motion may be, will have their influences exemplified in the deviations of the currents from what we have designated their natural course; for the influence exerted by the motion of the earth in its orbit will obviously be not only a variable influence, varying with the speed of the earth in its orbit, and acting with its greatest force in December, and its least in June, but also it will be constantly changing its direction on any given point of the earth's surface; for at one season of the year the northern hemisphere, and at another season the southern, is turned in the direction in which the earth moves in its orbit, and also the side of the earth turned from the sun is rotating in the same direction in which the earth is moving in its orbit, the opposite side of course rotating in the reverse direction; thus, in March, at midday, this force will be acting about E.N.E. wards, and at midnight about W.N.W. wards; whereas, in September, at midday, it will be acting E.S.E. wards, and at midnight W.S.W. wards. Always acting eastwards in the daytime and westwards at night—northwards in March and southwards in September. The annual variation being confined within about four points of the compass, viz., between  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. and  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S., and the daily variation extending over about fourteen points of the compass, viz., between  $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  E. and  $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  W.—the greatest combined variation being sixteen points. Since the speed at which the surface of the earth rotates diminishes rapidly from the equator to the poles, it is obvious that the westward pressure given to a mass of water about the equator is greater than the impulse given to an equal mass of water situated about the polar regions, and that if the two be brought into conflict the lesser force must yield; therefore, if a mass of water, which has been set in motion along the line of the equator, be obstructed or turned aside by land lying in its course, it must flow on in the new direction given to it, overwhelming the westward tendencies of those parts of the ocean into which it is forced to flow. The westward pressure acting continuously will, if obstructed, cause a piling up of the

water at the western extremity of the line of greatest force, and the accumulation of pressure must of necessity at length be such as to overwhelm the lesser forces north and south, and drive the water eastward through latitudes at some certain distance from the equator, on both sides, which water, by returning from the north and south at the eastern extremity of the line of the greatest force, would form revolving currents lying on each side of the line of greatest force. During the solstices the orbital force acts during the nighttime in direct conjunction with, and during the daytime in direct opposition to, the westward pressure; therefore, in all streams running either due east or due west, there will daily occur, in consequence of this alternate acceleration and retardation, a current tide, which will be at its highest point at sunset, and its lowest point at sunrise. Revolving currents being acted on by two forces, one of which tends to make them rotate round a perpendicular axis, and the other to rotate round a horizontal axis, revolve as the result of their combined action on an inclined axis, and this inclined axis will extend from the surface of the ocean in some eastern part of every district, to the bottom of the ocean in the western part of the district. In equatorial districts, all currents east of, or under this axis, will be running towards the equatorial line of greatest force; and all currents west of, or above the axis, will be running from the equatorial line of greatest force, and in polar districts *vice versa*, with the exception that the inclination of the axes of the two smaller of the four antarctic districts is reversed by the meeting of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Such is a brief outline of the leading features of Mr. Leighton's views, which, if we are not mistaken, we shall hear of again.

#### LIMA.\*

A BOOK written by a Peruvian in the English language, printed at Paris, and published in London, is a curiosity; yet such a work lies before us in the shape of Señor Fuentes' sketches of Lima and its inhabitants. The author writes our language very well, and is a lively chronicler of whatever is noteworthy in the capital of his native land. His portrait, prefixed to the volume, presents us with the likeness of a very good-looking dark gentleman, with a dash (we should say) of the negro in him; and the engraved dedication to his daughter favours us with the head of that young lady—*Maria Adelaida Fuentes*—who has very much the aspect of a *Parisian belle*. Señor Fuentes dates his preface from Paris, where he seems to be a resident; but he is full of the most patriotic feelings, and thinks that his country and his countrymen, and, indeed, the South American Republics generally, have been ignorantly traduced by European writers, who have represented as essential what is only accidental, and have passed over in silence all the better features of those remote communities. He admits that Peru has not attained the high level of the Old World; but he asserts that, "in the midst of continual civil wars which force the husbandman and artisan from their homes to engage in a fratricidal combat, civilization has made incredible advances in the short period of forty-two years." We are, of course, very glad to hear this, and only trust that the writer's commendable love of his country has not induced him to form, unwittingly, a more flattering estimate of the progress of Peru than the facts justify. Strangers at a distance can only judge of a people by general events and characteristics; and these "continual civil wars" to which Señor Fuentes himself alludes are among the reasons which have induced us of the eastern hemisphere to doubt whether the States founded by the Spaniards and Portuguese in Central and South America possess any principle of healthy growth or natural development. Englishmen can have no other desire than to see Peru and her sister Republics free, prosperous, and respected; but it is impossible to resist a feeling of despondency as commotion succeeds commotion, as habits of anarchy become confirmed, and as pretender succeeds pretender in brief enjoyment of undignified power. The large admixture of aboriginal blood with the conquering European race seems also to have resulted, as might have been feared, in the depreciation of the latter, rather than the improvement of the former. The Indian has imported his indolence, his lawlessness, his superstition, his low intellectual standard, into the mixed race of which he forms so large a part; and he has thus confirmed some of the worst tendencies of the Spaniard by whom he has been conquered. On the other hand, the Spaniard seems only to have brought him very doubtful benefits. Indeed, if we may believe the accounts given of the aboriginal Peruvians by their first conquerors, their descendants must have sadly degenerated under the guidance of European "civilization," interpreted by Spanish Viceroys and Romish priests, by Republican Presidents, as Republicanism is understood in the tropics, and by the leaders of a languid colonial gentility. Señor Fuentes, however, believes that the anarchy of the last forty years and more has done the Peruvians good, or at least has not done them any harm; for he says:—"The rare intervals of repose which Peru has enjoyed (we say *repose*, because the restless spirit of aspirants to power has never permitted the country to be really at peace) have sufficed to sweep away those old customs which might serve as a subject for the satire of our enemies and calumniators. The society of Lima has no reason to envy that of the most civilized capitals: there are even European nations in which woman, the inestimable helpmate of man, the soul and the consolation of the domestic hearth, is far

\* Lima. Sketches of the Capital of Peru, Historical, Statistical, Administrative, Commercial, and Moral. By Manuel A. Fuentes, Advocate of the Peruvian Tribunals, and Member of Several Learned Societies. London: Trübner & Co.



from offering all the charms of the fair Limanian. Cheerfulness, talent, beauty, amiability—in short, all the physical, intellectual, and moral qualities which make woman the most precious jewel of the earth—all these gifts, we repeat, have been bountifully lavished by the hand of God on the Limanian women. Has it not often been said of the ladies of Lima that they have the eyes and looks of the Italian, the perfect figure and gracefulness of the French, and the wit of the Andalusian? We are very willing to accept all these statements as to the beauty and worth of the Peruvian ladies (though we should have thought, by the way, that the qualities ascribed respectively to the French and Andalusian women should have changed places); but we must be permitted to wonder why, if the Peruvians generally are so admirable a race, Peru has not made a better figure in the world during her period of independence. This is a point, however, which we have no desire to press; and we shall heartily rejoice if it be found that, with peace and security, Peru is rising to the dignity of a powerful South American State.

A large part of Señor Fuentes' volume is of the guide-book order, and is therefore hardly a subject for criticism; but in the after part several interesting particulars are given of the people of Lima and the surrounding country, their manners and tastes. The inhabitants consist of three main races—the white (or European), the yellow (or aboriginal Indian), and the black (or African negro). From the mingling of these, which has now been going on for more than three hundred years, various sub-races have been formed: as, for instance, the *mestizo*, proceeding from the union of the white and the yellow; the *chino-cholo*, a union of the black and the yellow; the *chino-prieto*, resulting from the marriage of a *chino-cholo* with a negress; the *zambo*, half white, half negro; the *mulatto*, born of a *zambo* and a white; &c. "The population of Lima, therefore," writes Señor Fuentes, "presents in its component parts a regular gradation of tints, from the deepest and glossiest black to the purest white, and from this last to yellow. Since the importation of African negroes ceased—that is, since 1793—the number of pure blacks has greatly fallen off, and the African race has become so scarce as to be represented only here and there by some very old negro." The mixed negro race, however, is numerous, and the semi-blacks have many very odd customs, full of the wildness of their African ancestors. They are extremely devout Catholics, but conduct their religious ceremonials with an extravagance which is partly horrible, partly ludicrous. There are also many Chinese in Lima; but they do not bear a high character. The good disposition of the natives of Lima is proved, says our author, by the criminal statistics of the city. Very few crimes are committed in the capital, and those few are generally perpetrated by natives of the provinces, or by foreigners. Parricide, infanticide, and poisoning, are rare offences, and the Limanian, if we may believe Señor Fuentes, shrinks from the bare idea of shedding blood, even if excited by party spirit or personal hatred. Of the other virtues of the Limanians, and the drawbacks from them, our author says:—

"The excellent qualities of the heart, deep-feeling, affection for a friend, and strong family attachment, are accompanied by a brilliant and ardent imagination and a subtle intellect precociously developed. If political events did not exercise in Peru a direct and nearly always disastrous influence, even in the most intimate relations of private life; if this influence did not facilitate the entrance of young men into public careers; if there were strictness and justice in the distribution of office; if, in fine, there were any stimulants for really studious men, education would not be so imperfect as it now is; men like those who, in other times, obtained such high renown in literature and science, even in Europe, would not now be so rare in Lima. As soon as a young man has obtained some kind of diploma; as soon as, trusting to his natural talents rather than to his learning, he enters the field of journalism, he fancies that he has no need of further knowledge or study: such is the principal cause which makes many of them, endowed with really superior intellect, remain all their lives superficial smatterers, though they consider themselves fit for anything."

With the Peruvians of all classes, religion is as much an amusement as a solemn duty, and grand processions on saints' days are much in vogue. A few years ago, the festival of Quasimodo (the Sunday after Easter) was celebrated by processions in which there were bands of mummers dressed to imitate demons, and others in the likeness of giants and dwarfs—the latter, called *Papa-huevos*, wearing masks in the shape of a head which covered all the body but the legs. In 1817 the Governor of Lima tried to put down these unseemly exhibitions; but the priest of one of the parishes addressed the following petition to him, requesting that the giants and dwarfs might be retained, and his prayer was granted:—

"Most Excellent Señor,—The priest N. N., Doctor of Sacred Theology, of the most illustrious Royal and Pontifical University of San Marcos, incumbent of the parish of — has the honour respectfully to represent to your Excellency: that it is a notorious wrong and a manifest offence against the majesty of the Divine Pastor, Redeemer, and Saviour of all generations to have forbidden this year, by *paramount* but not competent authority, the presence of devils and giants in the public processions of Quasimodo (Sunday next). The measure is unreasonable and unnecessary—1. Because the said devils form an innocent escort to the Divine Majesty, and the people delight to see them prostrate themselves before God; and 2. Because the giants, without frightening children, attract a more numerous crowd of devout persons, but for whose presence the Divine procession would be completely deserted. Your petitioner therefore begs of your Excellency and of your pious heart, that from my church of — my faithful

parishioners may proceed disguised as devils and giants; I await this favour from your pious Christian heart.

"\* Dr. N. N., Cura de —

"I further pray that there may be *Papa-huevos*."

The mummers are now disallowed—doubtless, much to the disgust of the uneducated.

The volume with which Señor Fuentes has favoured us is so profusely illustrated that we get a most lively idea of the city of Lima and of the different castes of the Peruvian race. Many of the buildings are very grand, and in the way of public statues we have certainly nothing in London to equal the equestrian figure of Bolívar. The portraits of Lima ladies, copied from photographs, are extremely attractive, and we do not wonder at the high compliments which Señor Fuentes pays to their personal charms.

#### SPINDRIFT.\*

SIR JOSEPH PATON'S volume of poems will, perhaps, give rise to more thought than it contains. For it opens up the old question of the connection, or rather the difference, between poetry and painting. Most persons are at first captivated with the brilliant fragment of Simonides, that "Painting is mute poetry, and poetry speaking painting." And the ancients themselves seem, from the parallel passages which Wytttenbach has collected, to have been taken by the brilliance of the epigram. But, as Lessing remarks, the ancients saw through its inaccuracy. Plutarch, who twice quotes the fragment, plainly noted the distinction between the two arts, and rightly says they differ both in the object and method of their imitation. One art is, in short, the complement of the other. Time is the domain of the poet, space that of the painter. The range, too, of the former is wider. What is natural in the one is unnatural in the other. Homer may paint the old dog of Ulysses with his coat full of ticks, and make us admire the reality, which in a painting would be loathsome. The poet can echo sounds and cries, as music gives us even colour. Homer realizes for us the bouncing of the falling stone by his

Αὐτὶς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλινδρετο λάας ἀναϊδής.

and Virgil, too, represents the dull thud of the carcass striking on the ground by his "procumbit humi bos" at the end of an hexameter. And any volume of poems, however poor, if written by a painter, are sure to arouse our interest in the connection and difference between the two arts. Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci alone stand out supreme in both. But in our own time and country there have been men who, if they had not been great artists, would have been great poets. Blake's poetry will live as long as his drawings. Some of his songs of innocence, like the "Blossom," are perfect as blossoms in spring; and if like them, pale in colour, yet full of fragrance. Spiritualism, except with Shelley, has never sounded deeper depths. And living still amongst us is William Bell Scott. Since Wordsworth few have struck so true a note, and given to the world such pure and high-minded strains. We cannot here justify these remarks by quotations, but any one who will turn to Mr. Scott's sonnets will discover for himself what we mean.

By the side of Blake's, and even Mr. Scott's, Sir Joseph Paton's poems present the most poverty-stricken appearance. He possesses none of the delicacy and spiritualism of the first, and none of the earnestness and broad sympathy of the last. His poems are in fact like his pictures. The same faults are to be found in both. For imagination he gives us detail. His poems, like his pictures, are loaded with unmeaning accessories—the sure sign of a prosaic mind. And as is often the case with prosaic minds, he is always attempting the highest flights of fancy. But his fairies and his spirits in his pictures are more like a cross between an artificial fly and a tadpole than anything else. So, too, his poems sink into the dullest prose, to which no fine feathers of verbiage can ever give wings. It is difficult to conceive any mortal writing such stuff as this, and fancying that by cutting it into certain lengths, and making the rhymes accurate, he was writing poetry:—"We parted at Marseilles, on board the schooner—ne'er to meet again. Poor Hal! the world could ill afford his loss! Thence home I rushed by train" (p. 28). Yet there is stanza after stanza of this quality. Further, Sir Joseph Paton fails in the very A B C of his craft. We are constantly coming upon such Scotticisms as "alane" (p. 110), "kenned" (p. 143), and "groosom." "Difficile est exuere patriam" is an old proverb, but at the same time it is as well to remember that art should not be provincial. Further, we constantly meet, too, such words as "orgillous," and "spry" for spray—whose country is more difficult to determine. Even in the mechanical portions Sir Joseph Paton often fails, as may be seen in such rhymes as "broad" and "good" (p. 44), and "on" and "moan" (p. 49). Of the higher qualities of art—of imagination and passion, which are the basis of true poetry—Sir Joseph Paton possesses none, so that we are spared the trouble of further criticism. As we have said, his poems are like his pictures. Here and there they possess the quality of prettiness, which always pleases an uneducated taste. The poem which we like best is the "Golden Hour." In it may be found some rather pretty descriptions, but they never rise to anything more than mere prettiness. Like everything else that Sir Joseph Paton does, the poem is overloaded with detail.

\* Spindrift. By J. Noel Paton. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.



We unfortunately cannot offer Sir Joseph Paton the advice of Hesiod—that "half is better than the whole." For if he were to cut away the details, there would be nothing left.

## NEW NOVELS.\*

"JACK THORPE'S MARRIAGE" is a very military novel. It is evidently written by a warrior of some sort, and from beginning to end devotes itself to the sayings and doings of military men in barracks and in society. The hero, Jack Thorpe, may be taken as a very fair type of the British subaltern. He is the son of a Hopshire baronet, and first presents himself to us when his regiment is about leaving Malta for the West Indies. He remains behind for a short time in order that he may visit his father, and during this visit learns that the affairs of the family are in rather an unsatisfactory position, and that it is desirable he should marry his cousin, who happens to be a very wealthy heiress, and a very charming young lady. However, before he has done anything to further the parental views, he is obliged to start for the Barbadoes, and finds himself thrown at once into the rather free and easy society of the place. He falls in love with a pretty young creole, Zara Vanquez, whom he succeeds, with the assistance of another admirer of the lady's, Captain Langdale, in saving from drowning, and in a very neatly-written bit of dialogue, supposed to take place whilst Zara and he are seeking shelter from the rain, proposes and is accepted. Langdale, who has been previously refused by Zara, is so sickened by his repulse that he seeks the medical assistance of a negro servant, and is almost dosed out of the world by an extraordinary draught of quinine. He is sent off to a distant station, and Jack Thorpe's affairs would progress satisfactorily but for the inveterate opposition he meets from Padre Peredo, Zara's uncle, and from his own father, Sir John, who expresses all sorts of horror at the notion of his son marrying a black woman, and his conviction that the blackness will break out, though it has been suppressed for generations. Captain Elsey, a brother officer of Jack's, and the very essence of shrewdness, determines to break off the match, and arranges that the hero shall be one of the officers appointed to hold a court-martial at a distant station. These circumstances so favour the scheme that Jack Thorpe is delayed for some time, and ultimately falls ill of fever. Upon his recovery, Elsey manages, by exciting the vanity of the principal medical officer on the station, to get an order for the removal, forcible, if necessary, of the hero to England. The whole love-affair is then easily broken off. Jack's literary acquirements being of a very moderate character, he permits Elsey to dictate his parting letter to Zara, and is made to express himself in terms far colder than he had intended, whilst his father allows his share of the correspondence between himself and Padre Peredo to be directed by a vicious old woman, who is governess to his niece. As might be expected, the priest and Zara's family are insulted, and the young lady herself writes Jack that she will have nothing more to say to him. Matters end sensibly in a marriage between the hero and his cousin. The book, as a whole, is agreeably written. There is an absence of anything like strain or affectation, and there is a good deal of ingenuity in the working out of the plot and in the contrast which the characters present. Zara Vanquez, with her pretty little bits of broken English, and the romance which surrounds her, is as different from Cecilia Thorpe as it would be possible to conceive. The declaration of love made to Zara, with a kind of earnest playfulness, under the trees which sheltered the lovers from the falling rain, is also in striking contrast to the matter-of-fact proposal to the English girl. Some of the sketches appear to be very true to life, especially that of Captain Puffin, of H.M.S. *Termagant*, whose appointment was owing to the resemblance he bore to an elderly female in a passion, and that of Dr. Bompas, the P.M.O., whose stupidity and vanity combined secured the return of the hero to England. Military obtuseness is also rather neatly hit off in two or three places. Jack Thorpe is at a loss to understand why a shawl should be called cashmere; he had heard of the Vale of Cashmere, and thought it might have taken its name from certain shawls often seen there; but, then, a shawl was not a veil; and he is not quite sure that the Caffre war may not have had something to do with Palestine. In dealing with military men we could not, of course, expect the author to attain to much brilliancy of dialogue; but we cannot help thinking that the solitary joke of the book, about a man giving himself credit for the possession of a mind—which, as some will have it, Lord Westbury first inflicted upon the public—might have been left out with advantage. It is also carrying matters a little too far to have a baronet intrusting his correspondence to his niece's governess, although it might not be out of place in the army. If we had any reason to question the literary achievements of the characters in the novel, the slips made by the author himself, such as, "It is not easy to say *who* an arrow belongs to when it is sticking in the ground" (vol. I., p. 68), would tend to remove our doubts.

"The Beauclercs," which is also a novel of a somewhat military character, possesses a plot bearing evident traces of a careful perusal by the author of the creations of other people. It is absolutely wanting in any traces of originality, and it is utterly destitute of

even an attempt at delineation of character. All the personages who are crowded into these three volumes so conveniently resemble one another that a mere change of name would produce an easy and natural conversion of the hero into the villain or of the crossing-sweeper into the Prime Minister. The hero, Frank Beauclerc, who is the son of an Indian colonel, falls head and ears in love with Violet Carlross, the daughter of Anglo-Indian parents, who had been at a very early age sent to this country along with her cousin Margaret, and under the care of one Madame Rosenfels. By the will of her father a considerable fortune was settled upon Violet, and a small annuity given to her cousin, both sums being placed under the control of Madame. Shortly after the children reach this country, Violet falls ill and dies, but Madame, desirous of retaining her control over the child's fortune, pretends that it is Violet who survives. She then loses a great deal of her ward's money in speculations, and endeavours, by hurrying about from place to place, to prevent the girl marrying. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, Violet, as she is called, and Frank meet and become engaged lovers. Madame Rosenfels is enraged; but Colonel Beauclerc, Frank's father, who was upon very intimate terms with Violet's parents in India, is at first rather gratified at the engagement. Madame throws such innumerable obstacles in the way of the lovers that at last they determine upon a clandestine marriage, and the ceremony is nearly ended when the horrible old guardian rushes in and forbids its completion. On being called upon for her reasons, she whispers to the intending bridegroom that the lady he is about to marry is his father's daughter. The colonel admits that what Madame Rosenfels has stated is true, and in a rather melodramatic manner, takes all the blame upon himself: "No, Frank, I was the tempter. I repaid her attention when on a sick couch, by destroying the happiness of her married life; or at least shaking the confidence which her husband reposed in her." The colonel, having described his conduct in this pleasingly alternative manner, censures himself greatly for the inconvenient results it has had upon his son's affections. It is rather difficult to say what a lover in ordinary life would do in such a distressing state of circumstances, but the steps taken by the hero were not a little remarkable. He leaves the lady and her brother without any explanations, and instead of accepting the inseparable bar which prevents the union, he rushes off to a clergyman of his acquaintance, inquires as to the propriety of his marrying without his father's consent, and discusses the injustice of a father's sins being visited upon his children. It is needless to say that Violet is proved to be a cousin only, and not a sister, and that the lovers are made happy. Frank and Violet are of course the principal people in the novel, but they are surrounded by a multitude of nonentities, beginning with nearly all the boys at a public school, then going through the officers of a cavalry regiment, and ending with a Prime Minister, a crossing sweeper, an Indian Aga, and a private tutor being just glanced at on the way. One peculiarity of these people is the ease with which they pass from matters of the greatest moment to the merest domestic details. The colonel, in the midst of his agony at the effects of his youthful indiscretions, is careful to give the minutest directions concerning his son's supper tray, and the Prime Minister starts off at a tangent from the heaviest affairs of state to the necessities of his toilet. Mr. Clarke may find this sort of thing, which begins in nothing and ends in nothing, easy writing, but it is very tiresome reading.

In "Muriel" we leave military affairs, to be transported suddenly into the very highest of high life—life so high as to be utterly incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. We have a lady who is a baroness in her own right, and whose son is, as a kind of diminutive to his mother's nobility, a baronet, with a prospect of being a baron on her death. The young gentleman, who is alternately called Sir Gerald and Sir Bouverie, falls in love with the heroine, whose name also appears to be in a rather unsettled state, for throughout the book she is called Muriel Brandon and, at the very end, Muriel Harrison. Muriel is niece to a London physician, who entertained rather singular objections to introducing her into society, as he disliked his blood relations, perhaps, because his family "were not exactly of the *haute volée*, into which he panted to enter by the back door." The Baroness de Lisle is most anxious to indulge every wish of her son's, but will not have him marry the untitled Muriel. "A De Lisle must not mate but with his equal; the eagle may not pair with the sparrow. . . . Never more must the young eaglet mate but with his fellow." (An eaglet of mature years would be rather an interesting bird.) Whilst Sir Gerald, or Sir Bouverie, makes the "grand tour," Muriel is unlucky enough to offend her uncle so seriously that she is turned out of his house, and forced to take up her abode with some very mean cousins in the country. She had betrayed some of her uncle's domestic life to a vulgar alderman's widow, Lady Hazlet, and her ladyship retails the gossip at an entertainment which she gives. She had bored Dr. Petersham out of his life with an account of the prevailing usage in very polite society, "having finished half a cold chicken and a couple of glasses of champagne, when, having in vain tried to get rid of his hostess, or at least, to change the subject so wearisome to him, he lost all patience and launched out in his most biting vein of satire on the subject of vulgarity and *parvenus*. Her ladyship, furious, not only abused the doctor himself roundly, but actually repeated all that poor Muriel had said with infinite exaggeration and embellishment." Muriel, getting tired of her country life, comes to London and occupies apartments which have been secured for her by her music-master, the Count Waldemar Costesca. This indiscretion having lost the heroine most of her friends, she takes to the stage

\* Jack Thorpe's Marriage. A Tale of Hopshire and the Antilles. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The Beauclercs, Father and Son. A Novel. By Charles Clarke, author of "Charlie Thornhill," "Which is the Winner," &c. Three vols. Same Publishers.

Muriel; or, Social Fetters. A Novel. By Mrs. Edwin James, author of "The Wanderings of a Beauty." London: Charles J. Skeet.



and appears as prima donna at an opera in Italy, where she is seen by her lover, Sir Bouverie, who happens to be present with a Lady Mildred St. Aubin, whom his mother intends he shall marry. In a love scene following upon this, which the authoress intends to be very sentimental, and succeeds in making very ridiculous, Sir Bouverie tells Muriel that she seems to him as hateful as she is lovely, he commands her to marry the count; and he then opened his arms, and "Muriel sprang to that strong and manly breast and grew there;" but her growing, however instantaneous, does not seem to have helped her, as Sir Gerald goes off and marries Lady Mildred, and Muriel herself afterwards goes through a corresponding ceremony with the count. The Baroness de Lisle having a passionate desire that her son should make a name for himself, although she had no choice between oratory and political economy, Sir Gerald is returned as member for his county. This is unfortunate, for Lady Mildred exhibits a perhaps pardonable objection to reading all her husband's speeches, and the young couple are rather unhappy until the lady ultimately makes things pleasant by dying. The count then only remained to be got rid of, and he saves all trouble by deserting Muriel and informing her that he had already a wife living when he married her. With such a clear stage nothing remained for the lovers but to marry and be happy. Among the valuable features of this book we may mention some excellent advice which will no doubt be useful to those who are ambitious of mingling in those higher circles of society where "a tête-à-tête dinner (as is customary in the best English families) is as ceremonious as though a banquet was holden, and guests were bidden to the state dining-hall," and "where ladies never raise the voice above a low murmur." These hints are accompanied by a full account of the wreck of the *London*, not omitting the incident of the man with the carpet-bag, certain lines by the authoress upon the death of Prince Albert, and a very remarkable poem "suggested on seeing the portrait of Thalberg, and having heard that he is in a consumption."

#### LADY LLANOVER ON COOKERY.\*

WHEN Gervase Markham wrote his tractate entitled "The English Housewife, containing the inward and outward Virtues which ought to be in a compleat Woman," the fashionable estimate of "a compleat woman" was very different from what it is now. He had to treat of "her skill in physick, surgery, cookery, extraction of oyles, banquetting stuffe, ordering of great feasts, preserving of all sorts of wines, concealed secrets, distillations, perfumes, ordering of wooll, hempe, flax, making cloth, and dyeing; the knowledge of dayries, offices, of malting of oates, their excellent uses in a family, of brewing, baking, and all other things belonging to a household." The modern Englishwoman knows little of any of these matters, and positively nothing of most of them. Her relation to many of them has become, in the nature of things, obsolete. Commerce has taken her office out of her hands in reference to the "ordering of wooll, hempe, flax, &c.," and her opportunities of brewing and baking are not what they were in the days of Markham and much more recently. But nothing can absolve her from her obligations in respect of cookery, without a good knowledge of which it was once held that a woman had no right to enter the state of matrimony. It is with reference to this art that Lady Llanover, speaking in the person of the Hermit of St. Gover, mourns over the degeneracy of her sex, and seeks to enlighten them. We shall have a reaction some of these days, and a return to the good old homely virtues. The aim of Belgravian matrons, and the multitude of smaller fry who ape them, will not be solely how to get their daughters married, but to qualify them to look after their husbands' home interests, by doing which efficiently they will be none the less able to do the honours of his house in the drawing-room. It certainly says little for our progress that the most important operation of a household should, in ninety-nine out of every hundred houses, be left entirely to a hired servant, and that the mistress should be absolutely incompetent to direct how her husband's dinner should be cooked.

Lady Llanover contends that millions of tons of the best food are destroyed through our national and cherished ignorance of the art of cookery. We can readily believe it. But, not to speak of what is thrown away or wasted, a vast quantity of what is eaten is only a tax on the digestion, which it ought not to be asked to bear. A barbarous ignorance has converted it from nourishing food into a load upon the stomach; barbarous ignorance, for surely good cookery is one of the best achievements of civilization, and should rank amongst the arts and sciences. "I was a printer," says Louis Eustache Ude, in his preface to the fourteenth edition of his "French Cook," "then a ladies' hair-dresser, afterwards a jeweller and engraver (on stone as well as metal); I likewise gained several prizes in the National School of Design. . . . My intelligence made me master of the trades above mentioned, and none of them require so much as is necessary to form a good cook." And then he goes on to vindicate the dignity of his art in the following amusing strain:—"A scraper of catgut in an orchestra calls himself an *artist*; another, who makes pirouettes, and jumps like a kangaroo on the stage, is dignified with the same title. I have myself seen, at the Concert Spirituel, a young violinist, at the age of fourteen, execute a work of Viotti's. Show me a cook who has

overcome the difficulties of his profession before a much more advanced age, and without great experience! And yet to a man who has had under his sole direction those great feasts given by the nobility of England to the Sovereigns who visited London with Platoff and Blucher—who has more recently superintended the grand banquet at Crockford's, on the occasion of the Coronation of our amiable and beloved Sovereign Victoria—and who, from the multiplicity of his engagements, has conversed with nearly all the members of the upper classes of English society, to such a man is denied that title of *artist* which has been so prodigally showered on singers, dancers, and comedians, who are so proud of the patronage they receive, but whose share of favour, if allotted in proportion to their merit, would be almost imperceptible, and whose only quality not requiring the aid of a microscope to discover is *pride*." Short of the attainments of such a master, a great deal may be done with moderate pains to acquire a knowledge of cookery. Perhaps our ignorance is not a little to be attributed to the over-technical character of the cookery-books, to the multiplicity and intricacy of their recipes, many of which are as distracting to an ordinary intellect as Bradshaw himself. Ude's book contains 900 of them, and as we turn over his pages we feel how hopeless it would be for anyone who has not the soul of an artist to master it. A glance at it is enough to dishearten a beginner. Besides, it is not cookery for the million. Lady Llanover's book avoids these errors. The instruction is given in a dialogue between the Hermit of St. Gover and a traveller who makes his acquaintance one day in passing his cell. The Hermit is no ascetic, but plies his guest with the most agreeable dishes, and teaches him how to cook them in plain and simple lessons, conveyed in a light and amusing style. The dishes are, for the most part, such as all but the very poorest persons are using every day, and there is no difficulty in understanding how they are to be cooked in the best manner, and how every portion may be turned to its best advantage. In so simple a matter as the treatment of a chicken, we have an easy process for getting full value for our money. People, as a rule, give the bones to their dog if they have one, or the cook collects and sells them, or they are thrown into the dust-bin. The Hermit puts them to another use. When he has broken them small with an iron hammer, he adds a pint and a half of spring water, and puts the whole into a digester—a simple machine of which a drawing is given at page 31—and leaves it to stew slowly for two hours. He then pours off the liquor, breaks the bones over again, adds a pint and a quarter of spring water, and stews them for two hours more. The result of both operations is more than a pint of jelly, which, when heated, is the perfection of chicken broth, and when reunited to what was left of the meat of the chicken, according to the Hermit's recipe, makes a first-rate fricassee. Equally simple are the directions for roasting a leg of mutton. The Hermit places his joint twenty-three inches from the fire. "One of the chief reasons," he says, "of the rarity of good roasting is the senseless habit of scorching the meat on the outside before it is warmed within. I shall not put the mutton nearer to the fire until it is *well warmed*, and then I shall only put it two inches nearer, and leave it at *twenty-one inches* till it begins to smoke, and then you will witness the last process," which is again simple and sensible. When his mutton begins to smoke, the Hermit places his joint a few notches nearer the fire, and with a small watering-pot which contains about a pint and a half of boiling water and a little salt, literally waters the joint as he would a rose-bush, bringing down a double supply of gravy, with which, as fast as it flows down, the meat is basted three or four times. The meat is then dished, and gravy which was the produce of the last leg of mutton he roasted, is poured over it. It is in this clear and intelligible way that Lady Llanover expounds the First Principles of Good Cookery, so that in fact there can be no longer any excuse for ignorance. Her ladyship, like a sensible woman, has practised what she is preaching. Her book contains the results of many years' personal experience, and is not limited to cookery alone, but treats with equal ability of other matters pertaining to domestic economy with which every housekeeper should be acquainted.

#### THE MASSORETH HA-MASSORETH.\*

THE man of general knowledge, whose mind has been informed by all those books "without which no gentleman's library should be," is singularly ignorant of the very commonest facts of Hebrew scholarship, and thus in a position not very creditable to one of a nation which still professes a great attachment to Scripture. He can give a fair account of any classical author, and knows the difference between a scholiast and a modern critic; but if a curious young lady who has skimmed over the surface of Smith's "Dictionary to the Bible" asks him what a Targum is, he is utterly at a loss, and probably answers that the Targum is a Talmud, and quotes a learned review of the old school to the effect that the Talmud is in ninety-five folio volumes, thus silencing the inquirer. This is the more objectionable in the common case of one who is thus ignorant of the simplest matters concerning the history of the Hebrew text, and yet takes upon himself to speak as to its condition with a grand certainty only consistent with entire ignorance, and it is certainly inexcusable when there are ample means of gaining a rudimentary knowledge of the subject. Thus much we say by way

\* Good Cookery Illustrated, and Recipes Communicated by the Welsh Hermit of the Cell of St. Gover. By the Right Hon. Lady Llanover. London: Bentley.

\* The Massoreth Ha-Massoreth of Elias Levita, being an Exposition of the Massoretic Notes on the Hebrew Bible, or the Ancient Critical Apparatus of the Old Testament in Hebrew, with an English Translation, &c. By Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D. London: Longmans.



of apology for giving some account of the Masorah as a necessary introduction to the notice of the treatise upon it before us.

The Masorah is a very ancient critical commentary on the Old Testament. Its name implies tradition, but it must be understood as relating to tradition, whether oral or written, concerning the text of Scripture. Though not of the antiquity of the Talmud the Masorah is supposed to have been begun in the sixth century of our Era, and was the work of the learned men of the school of Tiberias. Its value is that it is essentially critical, and when we consider what Jewish criticism is this value may be appreciated. The object of Jewish criticism was to preserve intact the very words of Scripture. To this is owing its minute care and scrupulous abstinence from alteration, to this its almost countless notes of all the formal characteristics of the text, the number of letters, and the mode in which they are written, even including the peculiarity carefully recorded, in some rare cases of the use of final forms instead of medials. This criticism is older than the Masoretes; their predecessors had already begun the severe labour associated with their name, but to them the system is due, and the Masoretic text may fairly be held to represent what the learned Jews of the sixth century after Christ considered to be the best text. It is through their labour that we can satisfy ourselves that in any well-edited Hebrew Old Testament we have before us a text which has escaped the dangers of twelve centuries. What trouble would not the Fathers have saved us had they spared a little time from controversy to bestow the same labour upon the New Testament.

The "Massoreth Ha-Massoreth" is a treatise upon the Masorah by a learned Jew of the latter part of the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth century, commonly known as Elias Levita, who was compelled by the bigotry of the Germans to seek an asylum in liberal Italy. At that time Italy was the very centre of learning. The last of the Greeks, taking flight from the ruins of the Byzantine Empire, had added a fresh impetus to the ardent pursuit of ancient literature. Jewish scholars, exiled from France and virtually expelled from Germany, found in Italy as hearty a welcome as did the Greek opponents of the Latin Church. At Rome, Cardinal Egidio, General of the Augustine Order, offered Elias Levita a home in his house at Rome, and for thirteen years he remained under the roof of his munificent patron. His next powerful friend was a French ecclesiastic, George de Selve, afterwards Bishop of Latour, who actually persuaded Francis I. to offer the learned Jew the Chair of Hebrew at the University of Paris, when there was not a Jew in France. His last and seemingly warmest friendship of this kind was with the Protestant scholar and pastor Fagius, whom he left at last to die in his adopted country at Venice, where he had made a home for his family. These particulars are worth telling, as they speak for the liberality of the churchmen of the time of the Reformation, and explain that marvellous growth of knowledge, which, under existing systems, would be possible neither at Rome, nor at Oxford or Cambridge.

No one but a very determined scholar will take the pains to study the "Massoreth Ha-Massoreth," even with the benefit of the parallel translation in this new edition. Most Semitic students are contented with the systematic modern aids, and will not wade through the intricacies of the old native authorities. In this they are not wholly right. Unless a modern grammarian or lexicographer follows, as Lane has done in his Arabic Lexicon, the native authorities, he is pretty sure to be involved in untrustworthy speculations. Until some Lane has done for the Masorah and the aids to it the work he has for the Arab lexicons, it will be necessary to go to the originals for the information they contain. Some of their work has, indeed, been already systematically done, as by Fürst in his great "Concordantia," and one has only to look there to see how often and in what books any but the most common words occur. But to ascertain, for instance, when *sheva* is vocal one can only follow the rules of the grammars, and learn the exceptions for the Masoretes. It may, indeed, be objected that these exceptions are valueless, and that it is much better to follow the rules and ignore the exceptions, but we do not think that any sober scholar will prefer so trenchant a method instead of either wholly reconsidering the system of punctuation, or being contented with it in its present form.

Dr. Ginsburg has republished the "Massoreth Ha-Massoreth" with the intention of making English readers acquainted with the meaning of the Masoretic signs which are partially found in all printed Hebrew Bibles, but also in order to promote the study of Masoretic literature through an acquaintance with "the first and, almost, the only Masoretic exposition." He has not merely given an English translation in parallel columns, but he has compared the references to the Masorah with the work itself, and has added indexes of those references, of the Masoretic lists quoted entire, &c. The work will be a welcome addition to the libraries of all sound Hebraists, and we should be glad to hear that its laborious editor was engaged on a scientific treatise making the whole subject of Masoretic criticism available to European scholars.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Observations on the Bank Act of 1844.* By a Manchester Banker. (Manchester: David Kelly.)—The Manchester Banker, to whom we are indebted for this pamphlet, treats his subject from a practical point of view, and consequently his observations are worth a careful study. So much has been written upon the Bank Charter Act that it has become almost a party question. Here, however, it is dealt with independently of party bias, the writer only trusting to sound

common sense, and equally sound political economy. He shows that the Act of 1844 is not the cause of, and has but a remote connection with, financial crises; and he suggests certain modifications whereby the hands of the Bank directors might be prudently strengthened, and "a power given to them which, while it can never effectually prevent the recurrence of crises or panics, would yet lessen their evils, and provide some safeguard against their extreme results." To bring about this state of things four propositions are suggested, which, though not novel in their character, are eminently practical. These are examined, and a careful inquiry is instituted with reference to the probable working of each. By those who take an interest in questions of finance, the Manchester Banker's "Observations" may be read with profit.

*Italian Conversational Course.* By Giovanni Toscani. (Trübner.)—The aim of the writer of this work, he himself tells us, was to supply students of Italian with a grammar of that language, containing the improvements which have been introduced into similar productions of the French and German languages, and we think he has succeeded. The main feature of the book is that it unites grammatical theory with conversational practice, which is the only efficient way of learning any language. Acquiring the rules of the grammar of a language without putting them into practice at once so as to indelibly impress them on the mind is labour in vain. The rules are in this work also illustrated by examples from Italian classical writers, and the conversations do not consist of the unnatural awkward phrases which are generally put under this head in grammars. In short, we do not doubt that any student of Italian will find Signor Toscani's book peculiarly useful.

*A Concordance to the Old and New Testament.* By Alexander Oruden, M.A. Edited by the Rev. C. S. Carey. (George Routledge & Sons.)—There needs little to be said of this book. Its character has already been admitted, and it has lost nothing in the hands of its present editor. All persons who have frequent occasion to refer to the Holy Scriptures should possess this useful volume.

#### "HISTORY OF INDIA TO THE END OF LORD DALHOUSIE'S ADMINISTRATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I have just read in your paper of the 16th inst. a statement to the effect that I am engaged on a "History of India to the End of Lord Dalhousie's Administration," of which the two first volumes are to be published forthwith by Messrs. Longmans & Co., and the third and last at Easter. You will, I am sure, allow me to state, or will state for me, that this is entirely an error. I have no such work in preparation. Many years ago I formed the design of writing such a book, but on hearing that my friend Mr. Marshman had it in contemplation to write a similar work, I folded up my project, and never looked at it again. I imagine that it is to Mr. Marshman's book that the paragraph to which I refer was originally intended to allude, as it seems to be perfectly correct in everything except the name of the reputed author.

I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,

Athenæum Club, Feb. 19.

J. W. KATE.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *John Bull* has been refreshing its literary columns with an importation from the *Exeter Flying Post* touching the LONDON REVIEW. We are surprised that the *John Bull* should circulate a rumour which, on the face of it, was absurd; and it is only because the *canard* has again turned up in Ireland that we notice it. Our contemporary should be more careful when compiling its gossip from *Flying Posts*. *John Bull* should keep his own dog, and not borrow a cur off the streets to bark. If those creatures who subsist by picking up the unconsidered garbage of small clubs find the contents of the wallet re-vended in respectable quarters, they may begin to believe that they are in some way connected with literature.

The authors of America—or at least some of them—are loudly demanding "protection" from the competition of English books. The *New York Nation* of January 31 says:—"The application of the artists for the imposition of a duty on cheap foreign pictures has, as we anticipated, created a great stir amongst the small fry of native novelists, historians, and poets, and they are sending on a powerful lobby to get a duty clapped on foreign literature, not on the paper and binding—the publishers are looking after that—but on the thought. They say that, with proper protection, they are confident they can before long furnish as good histories of any period or country, ancient or modern, and as good fictions, sonnets, epics, madrigals, and even conundrums, as any foreign authors—they care not who they be; and they ask Congress to stop Tennyson, Swinburne, Mommsen, Merivale, Grote, George Eliot, and Reade, and others, from taking the bread out of their children's mouths. The free admission of the works of Shakespeare, Virgil, and Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Livy, and Thucydides, and some other old masters, they say they have no objection to; but, as for the herd of their modern imitators who are now corrupting the taste and morals of the American public, they want to have them rigidly excluded." Instead of asking for a heavy duty on English books, why do not these gentlemen agitate for a good international copyright law, which should at once satisfy the just claims of British authors, and render the reprinting of books from the old country more expensive, and therefore less frequent?

In Paris, public speculation is rife as to what is to be the nature of the new law on the press. According to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "M. Emile de Girardin assumes in the *Liberté* that the principal features of the project now under the consideration of the Council of State have transpired, and he does not hesitate to denounce them as mean, complicated, illogical, illiberal, and totally unworthy



to be associated with the name of Napoleon on the occasion of a great and decisive act of his reign. The proposal to raise the caution money from 50,000 francs to 80,000 francs will ensure entirely to the benefit of existing journals, and tend to maintain what M. Girardin calls the 'feudalism' of the press. The diminution of the stamp duty from 6s. to 4s. will far more than compensate them, the *Liberté* included, for the increase in the caution money and the liability to pay fines to the extent of 40,000 francs. He calculates that the *Siccle* will gain 350,000 francs a year by the new regulations. But, although existing journals, if they think only of their pecuniary interests, have reason to be satisfied, the 'liberty of the press,' in a large sense, is injured, because it will be difficult indeed for any but great capitalists to found a new organ of publicity." As yet, however, we have no certain knowledge of the features of the new law, and they may perhaps turn out to be better than M. Emile de Girardin takes for granted, though it is not to be denied that the Liberal papers of Paris agree in anticipating the worst.

The *Débats* has recently been making some remarks on the arbitrary way in which the French Government, for a long time past, has confiscated many of the English, Belgian, and German papers. Even the harmless *Illustrated London News* was kept back for four-and-twenty hours, on account of some engraving which gave offence. Now that "the public manners" are to be formed to "the practice of more liberal institutions," it is to be hoped that this surveillance will cease.

The press in Spain is suffering severely from the present despotism. The Captain-General of Madrid has issued an ordinary declaring that all editors and printers publishing clandestine journals or pamphlets, or persons furnishing funds for that purpose, will be liable to the penalty of death! And in the Madrid correspondence of the *Indépendance Belge*, of the 6th inst., we read:—"The Council of War assembled yesterday to deal with the cases of clandestine publication recently discovered by the police. Two of the accused persons were condemned to penal servitude in chains for twenty years; two others—one being the chief editor, Louis Blanco—to sixteen years of the same punishment. Señor Miguel Medeldea, accused of unlawful possession of arms, was condemned by the Council to three years' forced labour. The judgment set forth that the four first-mentioned persons have been the conductors and editors of the three clandestine journals, *Alerta*, *Revolucion*, and *Relampago*. I know a poor father of a family who is now at the Saladero, solely on account of having been detected reading one of these journals at a café."

The *New York Round Table* thinks it strange that, although a multiplicity of editions of Dickens's works are being issued in America—some brought out sumptuously at a high price, others more humbly at a low price—there is no complete edition of Thackeray's writings for the American public. Even in England, it is added, the works of this great humorist cannot be had in uniform shape. The complaint is a very just one, and we hope that England will anticipate America in removing it.

"In New York," says a contemporary, "a new publishing society, called the Agathynian Club, has been started, for issuing original publications, and reprinting rare, curious, and old American, English, French, and Latin books. They are to be printed at the Brad-street Press, with great exactness of text and careful attention to excellency of workmanship. One hundred and twenty copies only of each work will be published, one hundred of which will be for sale, and the remainder for private distribution."

The funeral of the late Mr. N. P. Willis took place on the 24th ult., at Mount Auburn, when the following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, Dr. S. G. Howe, Edmund Quincy, Esq., Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Esq., James T. Fields, Esq., E. P. Whipple, Esq., T. B. Aldrich, Esq., and Mr. Merritt Trimble, of New York.

"A Publisher" writes to the *Athenæum*, stating that Mr. Moy Thomas's exposure of the lax and careless system of copyright registration at Stationers' Hall has induced the registrar of that institution to give to each person who wishes to register a title a printed receipt for five shillings paid on a certain day, though, adds the writer, no one but the registrar can tell what the money is paid for.

Mr. Mudie's library has been amalgamated with the united libraries lately under the management of Mr. Lionel Booth. The directors announce that the company is in a flourishing state, and able again to declare a dividend at the rate of seven-and-a-half per cent. per annum.

We read in a daily contemporary that Mr. W. J. Linton, who has long held a leading position among the wood-engravers of Great Britain, lately arrived in New York, and received from the members of the Wood Engravers' Society a hospitable welcome. He intends to remain in the United States for some time; and his services have been secured by Frank Leslie for his *Illustrated Paper*.

At a lecture on "The English Bible" by Mr. Dale, delivered last week at Moston (says the *Guardian*) the lecturer exhibited two valuable and curious relics—viz., a copy of Tindal's Bible, which had been in the Antrobus family for above three hundred years; and a copy of the "Breeches Bible," which was formerly the property of the Rev. John Wesley, was saved from the fire at Epworth, at the same time that Wesley was rescued, and was given by him to his niece, who was great-grandmother of the wife of the lecturer.

A Cambridge paper states that, at a business meeting of the Cambridge Union last week, a proposal was made to exclude Mr. Swinburne's poems from the list of books recommended for purchase by the Library Committee. After some discussion, it was carried by a large majority that the book should remain on the list.

Messrs. Day & Son, lithographers to the Queen, have just opened West-end exhibitions of their productions, at 43, Piccadilly, and in Cockspur-street.

M. Saint Marc Girardin has received a magnificent album from the Greek population of Trieste, offered to him in testimony of their gratitude for his exertions in the Hellenic cause.

Mr. Tennyson had the honour of an interview with the Queen, at Osborne, on the 15th inst.

The Belgian journals state that another Congress of students, like that held last year at Liege, is in preparation at Brussels for the Easter vacation.

Schiller's "Lay of the Bell" was represented in a series of *tableaux vivants*, on the 11th inst., at a grand *soirée* given by the Prince Royal of Prussia in honour of the Count of Flanders.

Mr. Charles Lever, the novelist, has been appointed by Lord Stanley consul at Trieste. He has for some years officiated in the same capacity at Spezzia.

Mr. Brown ("Artemus Ward") will shortly leave England for America. He has been staying at Jersey for some time past, owing to weakness of the chest, but is now in Southampton, under medical treatment. He is full of hope that spring will restore him to health.

Mr. Dickens made his second appearance at Manchester this season, last Saturday night, at the Free-Trade Hall, when a large audience assembled to hear him read his "Christmas Carol" and "The Boy at Mugby."

It is the intention of her Majesty to renew the gift of 250 volumes of books to the Itinerant Village Library of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions, made in 1854 by the Prince Consort.

We hear that the Adullamites are going to set up a new penny daily paper, of which Mr. Hutton is to be the editor, and the Marquis of Westminster the capitalist.

The Laureate's new volume of poems, consisting of seven songs, illustrated by Mr. Millais, and accompanied by A. S. Sullivan's music, is to appear about Easter.

A MS. collection of all Pepys's ballads in his library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is in course of preparation.

Mr. James Edmiston, the author of some sacred lyrics well known to many, has recently died.

Miss Thackeray, it is said, is about to be married to Mr. Leslie Stephen, second son of the late Sir James Stephen.

A new edition of Winckelmann's "Allegory of Art," originally published in 1776, is about to appear, with additions and corrections by the author himself, recently discovered in a large paper copy belonging to Winckelmann, in the Albany Library, of which he was the keeper.

The author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" will contribute the next serial story to *All the Year Round*, on the conclusion of "Black Sheep."

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is about to appear under the modified title of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine and Family Treasury*. The new editor is the Rev. R. H. Baynes, editor of the "Lyra Anglicana."

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. have nearly ready, new editions, each complete in 1 vol., of Sir James Stephen's "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," and "The Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.," by John Clark Marshman; also the "Journal of a Home Life," a tale, by the author of "Amy Herbert;" a "Book of Angling," by Francis Francis, with 15 plates and full lists of salmon-flies; and a volume on "Parliamentary Government in England, its Origin, Development, and practical Operation," by Alpheus Todd, of Canada.

Messrs. JAMES NISBET & Co. have in the press—"Memorials of Charles March, Commander R.N.," by his nephew, Septimus March; the "Story of Commander Allen, R.N.," by John W. Marsh and Waite H. Stirling; "Cottage Readings in Exodus," by the author of "Cottage Readings in Genesis;" "Memoirs of the late Robert Henderson, Medical Missionary to China," &c.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish next week—"The English Constitution," by Walter Bagehot; "Sporting Incidents in the Life of another Tom Smith, Master of Foxhounds;" and a new novel by the author of "The Cost of a Secret," entitled, "Nora and Archibald Lee."

Messrs. BELL & DALDY announce—"Lives of Indian Officers, illustrating the History of the Civil and Military Services of India," by J. W. Kaye, 2 vols.; "A Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms," by the Ven. Archdeacon Smith; Dr. Vaughan's "Voices of the Prophets in Faith, Prayer, and Holy Living;" &c.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN has nearly ready—"Christ and Christendom," being the Boyle Lectures for 1866, by E. H. Plumptre; "Out of Harness," by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; "Scripture Portraits and other Miscellanies," from the Writings of A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster; "The Year of Praise," being Hymns, with Tunes, for the Sundays and Holidays of the Year, edited by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury; &c.

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS will publish next week the third and fourth volumes of Professor Yonge's "History of the Bourbons, from the Accession of Louis XV. to the Death of Louis XVI.;" "Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes," by a Journeyman Engineer, 1 vol.; "The Story of the Diamond Necklace," told in detail for the first time, by Henry Vizetelly, illustrated, 2 vols.; and "Seventy-five Brook Street," a novel, by Percy Fitzgerald, author of "The Second Mrs. Tillotson;" &c.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish shortly, "A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarowitch," by Edward Dicey, with photographic portraits; "On Some of the Present Needs of the Church of England," a lecture by the Rev. A. Barry, D.D.; and "On Some Deficiencies in Public School Education," a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, by F. W. Farrar.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce a story, entitled "Off the Line," by Lady Charles Thynne, 2 vols.

Messrs. DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co., of Cambridge, announce—"Trilinear Co-ordinates, and other Methods of Modern Analytical Geometry of Two Dimensions," an elementary treatise, by the Rev. W. Allen Whitworth; "Elementary Analytical Geometry for Schools and Beginners," by T. G. Vyvyan; and "Mechanics and Hydrostatics, for the Previous Examination and the Ordinary B.A. Degree," by J. M'Dowell.

Mr. BENTLEY will publish the fifth volume of Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," completing the pre-Reformation period, on Monday. He has also nearly ready, "Cometh up as a Flower," a novel, in 2 vols.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adye (Col.), *Sitana: a Mountain Campaign in Afghanistan*. 8vo., 6s.  
 Ashe (T.), *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*. Feap., 3s. 6d.  
 Atkinson (J. C.), *Change of Air with regard to Consumption*. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Baker (Sir S. W.), *The Albert Nyanza*. New edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16s.  
 Boy's Friend (The). Vol. III. 8vo., 6s.  
 Bridger (C.), *Index to Printed Pedigrees*. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Brock (Mrs. C.), *Home Memories*. New edit. Feap., 5s.  
 Bruce (J. C.), *The Roman Wall*. 3rd edit. 4to., £3. 13s. 6d.  
 Bunsen (C. J.), *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. 2nd edit. Vol. I. 8vo., 31s. 6d.  
 Bunyan (John), *Pilgrim's Progress*. Coloured illustr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Crawford (T. J.), *The Fatherhood of God*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 De Vere (S.), *Studies in English*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Diah (A.) of Gossip off the Willows. Royal 16mo., 1s.  
 Easton (G.), *Autobiography of*. 2nd edit. 18mo., 1s.  
 Ecce Homo. New edit. Feap., 6s.  
 Eden (Hon. Eleanor), *Dumbleton Common*. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 — (Lizzie S.), *A Lady's Glimpse of the late War in Bohemia*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Emily's Choice. By M. J. Franc. Feap., 5s.  
 Francis (F.), *A Book on Angling*. Cr. 8vo., 15s.  
 Freeman (E. A.), *History of the Norman Conquest*. Vol. I. 8vo., 18s.  
 Grey (Earl), *Correspondence with William IV. and Sir H. Taylor*. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 10s.  
 Index to the Catalogue of the MSS. of E. Ashmole, in the Bodleian Library. 4to., 10s.  
 Jones (H. B.), *Lectures on Application of Chemistry and Mechanics to Pathology and Therapeutics*. 8vo., 12s.  
 Kingsley (Rev. C.), *25 Village Sermons*. 7th edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.  
 Linton (E. L.), *Sowing the Wind*. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 London Diocese Book (The) for 1867. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Lowe (Right. Hon. R.), *Speeches and Letters on Reform*. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Lytton (Lord), *Ernest Maltravers*. Cheap edit. Feap., 1s.  
 —, *Lost Tales of Miletus*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Mackenzie (Rev. W. B.), *Married Life*. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Manuals of Society and the Person. Nos. I and II. 32mo., 1s. each.  
 Nicholson (Rev. M.), *Rest in Jesus*. 2nd edit. Feap., 4s. 6d.  
 O'Brien (Bishop), *Charge Delivered to the Clergy of Ossory*. 8vo. 2s.  
 — (Charlotte), *Mother's Warm Shawl*. 18mo., 1s.  
 Palmer (E. H.), *Oriental Mysticism*. Feap., 3s. 6d.  
 Passages from the Autobiography of a Man of Kent. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Philipps (Rev. J. E.), *Things Rarely Met With*. Feap., 1s.  
 Pirrie (W.) and Keith (W.), *Acupuncture*. Royal 8vo., 5s.  
 Pitt (Wm.), *Life of, by Lord Stanhope*. 3 edit. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.  
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 Purnell (T.), *Literature and its Projectors*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Richardson (T.) and Watts (H.), *Chemical Technology*. Vol. I. Part 5. 8vo., £1. 10s.  
 Sallesbury (E.), *The Children of the Lake: a Poem*. Feap., 4s. 6d.  
 Smethurst (J. M.), *On the Locus Standi of Petitioners Against Private Bills*. 2nd edit. 12mo., 7s. 6d.  
 Thorne (E. H.), *Sacred Music for the Home Circle*. Oblong, 1s. 6d.  
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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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